

EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1893
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1904

RUTH BUCK

A STORY OF THE OLD PARSONAGE.

V.

and tried to go courting her. But th
he was a dreadful bad young fellow, a
d break his wife's heart if ever he got o
afraid it was him. Everybody here, y
oves Lilly and wouldn't want her to ma
r match, though the fellow was as ha
as Jupiter himself."

The pastor came in and ascended the pulpit stairs. At first I was not pleased with him.

I first heard the rich tones of the man I loved rising in prayer to the Maker of all, I

it I recur to me.

"I don't know what I should do if he :

old Civilization.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1888.

TERMS.
The subscription price of THE POST is \$3 a year in advance, payable by the City of Philadelphia or by the United States Postage.
Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States postage.
THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.
THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and the gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.
Back numbers of THE POST are generally to be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newdealer.
REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.
ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see list of advertising columns.

A SPICY LETTER.
We have received the following letter, written in a neat, ladylike hand, and evidently "by authority":—

New York, June 10th.
Editors of Evening Post:—You copy this absurd paragraph in your paper:—
"The veritable John Dean, who married Mary Ann Baker, is now a member of the New York Custom House, on a salary of \$600 per annum. His father-in-law has gone to Europe, and, as it is said, has not left John and Mary a single cent to live on."
John Dean is not a member in the New York Custom House—his father-in-law has not gone to Europe—has not "cut off" John and Mary, the latter having won hundreds of thousands of dollars of her own right. Mr. Baker's business is generally regarded here as his own, but newspapers like the Philadelphia "Post" seem to think his business is theirs, and that falsehoods are better than no reference to the "interesting" subject. You are welcome to all the credit you will get from victims of your own kind, but persons who regard the private affairs of the family as no matter for publicity, you will receive contempt for your notice.

Our starry correspondent is a little angry, and does not discriminate in her wrath. We did not invent the offending paragraph, but merely copied it among the news of the day. It is not our custom to pry into the "private affairs" of any family—but when private affairs are brought into the Courts for settlement, they become public, and the undoubted staple of news. The "Dean and Baker" affair was a rather curious one, and naturally attracted considerable attention. If the parties to it did not wish to be talked about, they should have acted differently. The poet says:—

"The proper study of mankind is man!"

but how are we to study mankind—and we mankind—if new and curious manifestations of human nature are not to be chronicled? Humdrum people, who keep within the lines of every-day behaviour and decorous dullness, cannot get into the papers if they would. It is only those who are out of the common way—who are romantic, picturesque, absurd, foolish or criminal—that are able to furnish entertainment and instruction for the million, and food for thought to the philosopher and the moralist. We trust that after our fair correspondent has considered the matter in this light, she will view the insertion of such paragraphs as the one she condemns, more leniently. In the meantime, we are obliged to her for her denials of the false statements of said paragraph.

THE SWINDLING SCHEMES.—An individual at Castleton writes to the Mayor of New York, that he has been swindled out of about \$50 by the bogus lottery at Pilsbush, N. H. Probably this gentleman did not take a paper, times being too hard for him to subscribe to one.

The Postmaster at Greenup, Ky., forwarded to Mayor Tiemann a copy of a monthly publication called "The New York Journal," edited by a Dr. Bland, which offers "health, happiness and long life," for \$3 or \$5. It also asserts that "immense quantities of cheap metals, as history and eye-witnesses do declare, have been, by different persons, quickly transmitted into purest fine gold." William Turner, a brass founder in Green street, in this city (New York) recently saw many pounds of it so made, even in his own shop. Dr. Lawrence, of this city has done it frequently, and makes no secret of it and it is done in every government in Europe, and there is another exalted and intensely popular medical gentleman of this city, (Dr. Blend himself probably,) who thought, he believed, and is doing the same wonderful thing for his own profit, and also to relieve the necessities of the indigent poor.

In another article on the same subject the editor says: "The profits are enormous, sure, easy and certain. I will send specimens by mail on receipt of one dollar."

There is a number of other ridiculous things promised—among them, "how to make fences last a hundred years; how to raise grass and clover without seed; how to increase the weight of grain one-third; how to roast meat without fire; how animals may be boiled, roasted, and baked all at once, and still alive; how to cause a fowl to roast itself; how a common hen's egg may be made to grow larger than a man's head; how to court an American woman, a French woman, a red haired woman, a German woman, a Spanish woman, a Quakeress, and how to make one dollar appear like, and be satisfactorily received as two dollars; how to become invisible," &c., showing that the publishers had made large calculations on the gullibility of the community. Doubtless the results have proved that they were not "counting without their host," as all these recent developments show that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

SPRUCE BEER.
A lady correspondent says:—
You would oblige an old reader of your paper, (if convenient,) to furnish a recipe for making a good article of spruce beer. That you published on Saturday the 4th of June, hardly deserves the name of beer. I tried the direction faithfully, and it is nothing but plain molasses and water yet.
Oh yes, you give a cheap and economical mode of distilling? I have heard that any person could distill rose water by a simple apparatus. You would confer a great favor upon more than one of your readers, if you would give a plain description how and what kind of utensils are used. I mean for very small quantities. Respectfully,
MATILDA B.

We regret that we are unable at present to give "a cheap and economical mode of distilling rose water," but trust that any of our readers who may know of such a mode, will impart the desired information.
As to the spruce beer, we find the following recipe in the Country Gentleman—with an additional one for ginger beer—from J. I. C. of West Philadelphia. Our correspondent can try them—they at least will result in something else than "plain molasses and water"—although molasses and water, with a little vinegar, is by no means a drink to be despised in hot weather.

SPRUCE BEER.—Put into a large kettle ten gallons of water, quarter of a pound of hops, and a teaspoonful of ginger. Boil them until the hops sink to the bottom. Then dip out a bechful of the liquor, and stir into it six quarts of molasses, and three ounces and a half of essence of spruce. When all is dissolved, mix it with the liquor in the kettle, strain it through a hair sieve into a cask, and stir well into it half a pint of good strong yeast. Let it ferment a day or two, then bung up the cask, and the beer may be bottled the next day. It will be fit for use in a week.

For essence of spruce, two pounds of the outer green sprigs of spruce fir, (or hemlock) boiled ten minutes in the liquor, may be substituted.

ANOTHER.—Boil a handful of hops (rather indefinite) in two and a half gallons of water, and when it is lukewarm, stir into it a tablespoonful of ground, white ginger, a pint of molasses, a tablespoonful of essence of spruce, and half a pint of yeast. Mix all well together in a stone jug, and let it ferment for a day and a half, or two days. Then put it into bottles, with three or four raisins in the bottom of each, to prevent any further fermentation. It will be fit for immediate use.

GRINGER BEER.—The following is a very delicate, refreshing summer drink, much preferred by many to spruce beer, and more easily made:
Break a pound and a half of best leaf-sage, and mix with it three ounces of best, white Jamaica ginger, broken as fine as possible, and the grated peel of two lemons. Put these ingredients into a large stone jar, and pour over them two gallons of boiling water. When it becomes lukewarm, strain it and add the juice of the lemons and two large tablespoonfuls of yeast. Make this beer in the evening, and let it stand all night. Next morning bottle it in strong glass or stone bottles, cork down the corks with twine. It is better after standing a few days.

THE FLOOD.—According to late advices, the levee at Cairo had given way, and the whole town almost was under water. The damage at that place is very great—the assessed valuation of the town in 1857 being two millions. It is doubtful that many of the buildings will remain standing—as the flood had reached two and a-half feet above the floor of the dining-room of the Taylor House, which is in the second story, and some houses were already tumbling. A Western contemporary says:—

"From the top of the 'Big Mound' a wonderful view could be had with a telescope.—Brooklyn, or rather the tops of the houses, peeped from the surface of the waste of water. The river is spread away into the country, to where the horizon is hidden by a belt of trees. Further up the river, the islands had dwindled to a puny size. Water everywhere predominated."

The Oquawka Spectator, of the 11th, says:—

THE MISSISSIPPI TEN MILES WIDE.—The steamer Silver Lake, now plying regularly between Burlington, Iowa, and Oquawka Junction, the present western terminus of the Chicago and Burlington Railroad—a distance of nearly ten miles. The railroad track is at the bottom of an ocean of water for a distance of ten miles. This new steamer is now a regular running packet, connecting with morning and evening trains. Capt. Willoughby reports that the shallowest water they found on Monday, was four feet, and the river has risen half as much more since.

From Memphis, Tenn., we learn that the Great Yazoo Pass gave way on the night of the 17th, and the water of the Mississippi was rushing through the opening, felling the trees in its course, and deluging the whole valley. As a consequence, the water in the river itself had fallen eight or ten feet. We hope this account is exaggerated.

From other quarters we learn that the floods are subsiding—the damage probably being less than was generally feared.
DECREASE OF THE POPULATION OF NEW YORK.—As the New York Directory for 1858-9 shows a decrease of names, it is argued that the population of that city has diminished. The number of names is about 140,000—nearly 4,000 less than the list of last year. The N. Y. Times says, "This falling off indicates a much greater loss, for only the heads of families and persons engaged in business as permanent residents are included in the count. It is the first year, we believe, since the last war with England, that a similar result has been shown."

Let our New York brethren take courage—if they can find it in increasing numbers. Another year will doubtless tell a different story. For although New York is probably doomed ultimately to come in second to Philadelphia—owing to the latter being much more of a manufacturing city—still New York is doubtless destined to a rapid and constant growth for some centuries to come.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.—Chief Justice Eekels, of Utah, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury of that Territory, takes very decided ground as to the unlawfulness of Polygamy. He says that the Territory was acquired from Mexico, and the municipal law against Polygamy remains unaltered by the cession to the United States. Polygamists therefore come under the penalties against adultery, and "no consequence in which a large proportion of this people may be involved, in consequence of this criminal practice, will deter you from a fearless discharge of your duty."

AN OUTRAGEOUS HOAX.—It is now stated that the story that the British steamer *Styx* had lured a party of marines at Cardenas, Cuba, and searched the plantations for negroes, is entirely void of truth. A Havana correspondent of a daily contemporary says:—

I was startled when I first read this, for I had not heard of it before. However, as I read on, I found it stated that "the Captain of the *Styx* (district) where this alleged offence was declared to have taken place, had been ordered to this city to take the *Styx* for not having defended his district. Then the question of my faith relaxed, because I know the Captain of the *Styx* was a civil officer—in fact, a mere commissary of police, what we should call a justice of the peace, and could not be held responsible much less tried, for not having defended his district against these alleged marauders. However, I at once instilled inquiry into the subject, and discovered that it was an utter hoax. The *Styx* has done many things, but she did not do that. The story, I believe, emanated from a certain gentleman on board the *Black Warrior*, who is never satisfied unless he is told something out of the common way, and of course he is often nicely hoaxed.

The story of an American seaman having been killed by a shot from a British vessel, also proves to have been untrue.

These corrections show the folly of taking fire too quickly when foreign "outrages" are reported. A man looks silly if he finds that he has been made the dupe of some designing stock-gambler or other unprincipled person.

THE LEVIATHAN.—This great steamship—if some casualty does not even yet "put a hook in her nose"—is to run between Portland and either Liverpool or Holyhead—probably the latter. The prices of passage will be \$105 for the first class accommodations, \$60 for the second, and \$30 for the third. By the Cunard line the prices are \$130 chief cabin, and \$75 second cabin from New York to Liverpool; \$110 and \$60 from Boston. By the *Vanderbilt* steamer the prices are \$100 first cabin, and \$60 second cabin; by the *North Star*, *North Light* and *Ariel* the prices are \$80 first cabin; \$50 second cabin, and \$35 third cabin. The saving, therefore, as to the fare will be little or nothing—especially considering that very few passengers would find Portland a convenient port either to start from or land at, except they were bound to or from the British possessions. If, however, the passage by the *Leviathan* can be made, as is supposed, in seven days, the shortness of the trips will be a great inducement to travellers.

The supposition of the owners of the *Leviathan* is, that she will carry an average of 2,000 passengers each trip, make seven or eight double voyages every year, and yield \$38,000 net profit on each voyage—in which estimate we hope they will find themselves correct, though we have very little expectation of it.

PRINTING ON BOTH SIDES.—By an invention of Mr. Beach, of the New York Sun, "Hoe's last" has been rendered capable of printing both sides of the sheet at once—the same speed which produces 20,000 impressions an hour, on the old plan, producing on the new 44,000. By this invention, "the second form takes the place of the balance weight, on the type drum. The sheet after being printed on one side in the usual way, is immediately drawn back and printed on the other side, from this second form."

The only things now needed to be invented are steam-power compositors, reporters and editors—then the newspaper will be complete. Why do not the publishers get together and offer a large sum for the invention of these useful additions to a printing office—especially for a steam-power editor, warranted always to run in accordance with public sentiment, and never be a whit wiser, stupider, less prejudiced, or more prejudiced than the great majority of readers. And if such an editor did make a blunder as to the public pulse and brain occasionally, the publisher could come out in the next number, and apologize for it on the ground of an irregular working of the machine.

VISITATION AND SEARCH.—Our readers have perceived by our reports of the debates in the United States Senate, that all our leading politicians seem to agree that there is no difference between the Right of Visitation and the Right of Search. And yet Chancellor Kent—one of our highest American authorities—says:—

"The intervention of ships at sea is a branch of the law of self-defence, and is, in point of fact, practiced by the public vessels of all nations, INCLUDING THOSE OF THE UNITED STATES, when the piratical character of a vessel is suspected. The right of visit is conceded for the sole purpose of ascertaining the real national character of the vessel sailing under suspicious circumstances, and it is wholly distinct from the right of search. It has been called by the Supreme Court of the United States the right of approach for that purpose, and it is considered to be well warranted by the principles of public law and the great interests of nations."—Kent's Com., Vol. I., § 54 Ed., p. 153.

THE INTERMEDIATE.—A meeting for the formation of a "Retreat for the Intemperate," was held last week in this city. The design is to establish a kind of Asylum, in which both moral and medical means shall be combined for the reformation of inebriates. We have heard that in Sweden there is such an institution, in which the votaries of strong drink have everything they eat and drink so cooked and flavored with the liquor they crave, that they ultimately become perfectly disgusted with it, and are cured thus by a surfeit. There are some "old toppers," however, who, one would think, would only take the more enjoyment the longer they were subjected to such a treatment.

As to the Retreat contemplated, an institution of the kind is greatly needed—and we hope to number it, before long, among the numerous charities of this "city of brotherly love."

THE GOLD OF IOWA.—We are pleased to hear from an Iowa paper, that the gold excitement in Iowa "is subsiding almost as rapidly as it rose"—and that the probability is that the proportion of gold is not large enough to pay for the labor of extracting it. We are pleased because we wish well to Iowa. Certainly we would rather hear that the discovery of gold in Pennsylvania—though, perhaps if it were found upon our own property, the instinct of human selfishness might reconcile us to it a little.

THE MORMONS.—The accounts from Utah continue conflicting. The advice from the Army plainly states their disbelief in the peaceable intentions of the Mormons, and intimate that it is only the women and children who are being sent out of the way, in order that the "fighting men" may have a clear field to resist the troops. Gov. Cumming states, however, that he found the people of Salt Lake City almost entirely unprepared for efficient defence—and that the stories of fortifications, &c., are groundless. The Administration appears to place greater reliance upon the Governor's statements, than upon those from the Army and the Contractors—the latter parties being supposed to be bent upon having a fight if possible.

It is stated that arrangements had been made to burn Salt Lake City, at the time Gov. Cumming arrived there—that large quantities of dry wood had been placed in many houses—but that better counsels ultimately prevailed. The migration southward also had commenced—and the leading trains were 300 miles down the valley. The Governor's attempt to stop this Mormon exodus proved unavailing.

"EVERY THING AFTER ITS KIND."—Julia C., of Lynn, who writes us from St. Joseph, Mo., says:—

I beg leave to correct the author of "Every Thing After Its Kind" in one particular, regarding vegetables. He has certainly never resided in the country, or he would have known that one stalk of corn often bears every variety of corn planted in the field. I have also often seen perfect gourds and pumpkins growing on the same vine; and every one knows that water-melon and citron seed being planted together, the fruit will all be citrons.

Probably the difference between "Julia" and the author she criticizes, consists simply in the meaning attached to the word "kind"—the author not giving it so narrow an interpretation as she does. Corn will always bear corn, for instance, and never bear either gourds or pumpkins.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.—A recent statement from Texas, said that the grasshoppers, or locusts, had taken wing for their natural home, the great deserts to the North-West, instead of in a North-East direction, as previously stated. But Mr. Schenck, of Franklin, Warren county, Ohio, writes to the Ohio Farmer, that they are making their appearance in that county in vast numbers. He says:—"Last year we had millions of them; this year we have hundreds of millions." For five years, he says, they have been increasing on his farm, and he fears that, unless some means are discovered for their destruction, they will totally ruin his own and his neighbors' clover fields.

AN EXPLANATION.—We would suggest to our New York brethren of the press, who are just now puzzling their brains over a diminution of some four thousand in the list of business firms of that city, that it is probably owing to the recent breaking-up of their gift lotteries and other swindling concerns, by Mayor Tiemann. The number of those establishments in New York, as the recent developments (devil-operations) show, is "legion"; and if the Mayor continues as he has begun, the effect upon the "prosperity" of Gotham may be still more apparent in the next Directory than it is in that for the present year.

CHARLES DICKENS.—A statement is going the rounds that the wife of this admired writer has separated from him, owing to his intimacy with an actress of celebrity, into whose company his love of "private theatricals" has often thrown him. We trust that this will turn out to be but one of the many unfounded scandals which have been prevalent of late years respecting distinguished literary characters.

GREAT IS GOLD.—The English Mexican Bondholders have endorsed General Houston's project of a Mexican Protectorate—especially that provision of it which provides for the payment of their debt—the interest on which, we believe, has not been paid for four or five years.

ARRIVAL OF COL. KANE.—Col. Kane arrived in this city on the 18th, from Utah, after an absence of five months.

New Publications.

MARY DERWENT, by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.) is, we believe, the tale which won a large prize many years ago, and made its author's reputation as a story writer. Its action occupies the same ground chosen by Campbell for his "Gertrude of Wyoming," and touches some of the same events and historical characters, though in a very different way. Startling dramatic effects, vivid individualizations, and fine descriptions of natural scenery, give graphic force and beauty to its pages.

STEPS TOWARD HEAVEN, OR RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE, by T. S. ARTHUR, (Derby & Jackson, New York.) is a volume of short and entertaining stories and sketches, skillfully interspersed by various examples the valuable lesson that religion is not a thing for Sundays alone, but must guide and regulate our conduct in the affairs of every day life.

The following new publications have been received:—

WHY DO YOU WEAR IT? OR, THE FASHIONABLE PROFESSOR. By JAMES E. GIFFIN, A. M. Murray, Young & Co., Lancaster.

CHRIST AND ADORNMENTS: A PRIZE ESSAY. By REV. S. N. PLATT. American Tract Society, Cincinnati. G. Collins, Phila.

FABLES OF INFIDELITY, AND FACTS OF FAITH. By ROBERT PATTERSON. American Tract Society. G. Collins, Phila.

THE POCKET CHESS-BOARD. ADAPTED FOR PLAYING GAMES IN RAIL CARS. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE BOUQUET, AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES SCOTT BROWN. Murray, Young & Co., Lancaster.

AROUND THE MANGER.—SEED FOR THE SPRING TIME.—FRANK EARNEST. Stanford & Delisier, New York.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HUGH MILLER, by THOMAS N. BROWN, (Rudd & Carleton, New York.) seems to us an inadequate, though in many respects an attractive work. The interest attaching to Hugh Miller in our country is almost altogether connected with his scientific genius and services. In Scotland, it appears, he occupied an equally important place in public appreciation, as a controversialist in the great ecclesiastical question which led to the disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843. To his part in this struggle a great portion of the book is devoted, and the feature which perhaps renders it peculiarly interesting to Scotchmen, reduces its interest in the minds of people who are no longer concerned in a foreign and local controversy, now ended. The literary fault of the work is the light account it gives of Hugh Miller as the scientist and the man. The reader must complain, too, of the highly exaggerated estimate placed upon the author of the "Old Red Sandstone" in awarding to him, on the strength of his theological opinions, the position of Scotland's representative—Burns being denied the honor. But Hugh Miller's talents and usefulness, great as they were, can never lift him to the dignity of the poet who poured the inspiration of manliness through the veins of Scottish life, and took for all time the subject cringe out of the Scottish back with the words "A man's a man for a' that." Burns regenerated Scotch character, and did the greatest conceivable national service when he taught his fellow peasants to feel the dignity of their manhood. No service of Hugh Miller's ever equalled this, as the biographer ought to know.

LORD ST. LEONARD'S HANDY BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) is an admirably clear and full exposition of the English law of contracts in all its applications, presented in language free from technical legal phrases, and affording the most intelligible information on the whole subject.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) is a brilliant number, with more than a month's entertainment in the stories, sketches, essays, poetry, and "Antarctic" humor, feeling and fancy, that enrich its pages.

HORSE-TAMING.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST.—As horse-taming seems to be the all-engrossing topic at present, allow me to write you a few lines on the subject, which may be useful to some of your many subscribers.

I observed, some weeks since, in your valuable paper, an article on this subject, purporting to give Mr. Rary's plan, viz: Horse-cage, grated, and fed on sugar; oil curmin rubbed on the nose; and oil rhodium turned from a lady's silver thimble on the tongue of the animal; on the completion of which mystic process, the horse, no matter how vicious or unmanageable he had been before, became gentle as a lamb, and followed his tamer about like a pet dog.

No doubt those who tried this experiment—if any were so foolish—on a vicious or wicked horse, were fully satisfied of its merits by one trial.

But what I wish more particularly to advert to is a process credited to the Scientific American, published in your issue of May 29th, which the writer says "consists in simply gradually advancing towards the horse to be subdued, until you are able to place your hand on the animal's nose, and over his eyes, and then to breathe strongly and gently into his nostrils," which is to have the immediate and magical effect of curing all the vicious habits to which horses are addicted.

Evidently a very simple process, in the execution of which there could be not the least difficulty with such a horse as "Lord Dorchester," (between which and himself even Mr. Rary (consummate horseman as he undoubtedly is,) wanted a large and strong wagon.

But, of course, this would be but a very slight difficulty, as the operator could easily throw something over the animal's eyes, and blow or breathe across the wagon; the effect would be nearly the same.

Appropos to this, Mr. Editor, let me relate an incident.

Several years ago, when this breathing method was first published, the writer of this (somewhat younger then than he is now) had a curiosity to see what effect it would have, and therefore tried it.

The result may be set down as follows:—First demonstration on the part of his horse-shake, a shake of the head; second, a more decided shake; third, a decidedly angry shake; fourth, a savage blow with both hind feet at the head of his tormentor, which, had it reached a few inches further, would most undoubtedly have settled your correspondent.

Thus ended my experience in horse-charming; since then I have had no desire to blow into any horse's nostrils. But there is a method, Mr. Editor, within the reach of every horseman and horse-raiser, as potent as any oriental charm, as certain as Rary's process, if not so speedy. It is told in one word—"Kindness." Treat your horse as a horse, not as a log of wood. Teach him to consider you his friend, and he will love you. Train him from a foal "in the way he should go;" show yourself his master, yet a kind master; groom him yourself, and love him, and you will have an animal that will need no breaking; that you need call in no "horse-charmer" to subdue; that you can teach almost anything; and that will love and serve you till his last breath.

And this I believe to be the only sure method that is within the reach of, and can be used by all men.

Lancaster Co., Pa.

[Note to the Editor.—There is much good sense in the above, and yet that Mr. Rary has discovered some short and effective mode, which he combines with the simple and generally powerful law of kindness, cannot be denied. As to breathing (not blowing) in the horse's nostrils, we are inclined to think, notwithstanding our correspondent's unfortunate experience, that it has generally a good effect. Perhaps J. W. did his "spiriting" too roughly.]

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 213—Adults 87, and children 126.

THE BRITISH CRUISE.—SECRET OF THEIR ACTIVITY.—AN AUDACIOUS HOAX.—An American naval officer had a long conference with Lieut. Pym the evening of his arrival at Key West, upon the present all-absorbing subject of the "right of search" and the overhauling and firing into American vessels in the Gulf. Lieut. Pym assured the officer that no new instructions had been given him by his government, but that he and all his consorts were acting under printed orders issued in 1849. The activity of the fleet, as manifested by their boarding and firing into some forty or fifty vessels during the past two months, probably had its origin in this wise:—

"A few weeks ago," said Lieutenant Pym, "when cruising off the Moro, I boarded an American vessel that had just left port, and, in answer to inquiries for news, was told that a splendid clipper ship was fitting out for the slave trade, and would be ready to sail the following day. I accordingly watched for her, and had the satisfaction, the following day, of taking a valuable prize. She had the most complete outfit, a large stock of provisions, ample accommodations for 1,500 slaves, and besides a bag containing 2,300 doubloons, with which her cargo was to be purchased and the crew being a client, she was taken to Jamaica, libeled and condemned. She was a lawful prize, and sold, with all on board, for \$100,000. The steamer *Styx* being in sight, was entitled to one-half the prize money, or my share would have been \$100,000. As it was, I received \$5,000 for a couple of hours' service."

He should have mentioned the fact that seventeen shots were fired at the ship before she gave up, all of which were fired by Lieut. Pym, who, learning she might be a merchantman, all blame would be attached to him alone. It is reasonable to suppose that this success has prompted the British fleet to increased zeal in scouring our seas in search of vessels engaged in the slave trade. The seizure and condemnation of this first class ship (she had been used by the French as a transport during the Russian war.) would show that respectability, size and beauty of model in vessels passing a cruiser at sea, was no proof that her mission was a peaceful one.

Lieut. Pym asserts that the newspaper accounts are much exaggerated, and in many instances altogether false. The seizure of the *Cortez*, an account of which has gone all over our land, is an instance of the grossest exaggeration. The captain of this vessel, when overhauled by a gun-boat, threw his flag and papers into the sea, and declared himself to be a Spaniard. Contraband articles were found on board, all clearly proving the vessel to be a slave. She was accordingly sent to Jamaica as a prize, and is, doubtless, condemned and sold. Lieut. Pym complains that many of our shipmasters have a habit of running their colors up, and instantly hauling them down, as if they were the wind to unfurl them. He thinks, as an act of mere courtesy, the colors of a vessel should be boldly shown, and allowed to remain at the peak a reasonable time. He is not aware of having exceeded any instructions authorized in his printed regulations, of date 1849. He is ready and anxious to explain each and every case of boarding in which he has been concerned—he will answer for himself and his officers that the routine of boarding and examining American vessels has been conducted in an unexceptionable manner, and without any intention of insult or any exhibition of rudeness or ill-temper; and if any of our national rights have been invaded, it is government who gave him his orders—who must answer. Lieut. Pym is a lineal descendant of the celebrated admiral of that name, who flourished with "cropped ears" during the reign of the First Charles.

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—A letter from London has the following:—

"I must, however, not forget to give you a little bit of scandal that is going the rounds of the literary world just now about Chas. Dickens. For the last fortnight or more he has been residing at the office of Household Words, and it is said that he is to be divorced, but Mr. Dickens will not consent on account of his children. I hear that Dickens has for some time been paying attentions to an actress at the Haymarket (Am Sedgwick, it is thought). So charmed was he by her that he went to Hunt & Roake's and bought her a beautiful bracelet, for which she gave a hundred guineas, and had the lady's name engraved upon it. The trinket was unfortunately lost one night when he was taking her to some place of amusement, and was found by some honest person, who took it to Hunt & Roake's, who at once sent it up to Mr. Dickens, and as Mr. Dickens was out, Mrs. Dickens received the naughty tidings, which confirmed her suspicions. She presented it to her lord when he came home, and simply said, 'Charles, I wish you would not be so open to these matters,' whereupon (as the lawyers say) the editor of Household Words went into a towering passion, and said he would not stay another minute in the same house with his wife. He slept the night at a hotel, and has never been home since. It appears that all the children (except Charles) sided with their father. Mr. Dickens has removed his children (six or seven of them) to his country house. I do not know how all this will end, but here ends the first act."

Another letter gives the following account of the matter:—
"Though the 'Household Words' still continues its weekly course, the household of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens is at sixes and sevens. There's a division 'between my lord and my lady,' and a 'mensa et toro' is to be the order of the separation. The daughters side with *Patric*; the son with *Mater*. The wife of a certain M. P. who upset Lord Pam and his ministerial crew, the infatuated correspondent of *Orain*, is said to be mixed up in the affair. 'Do as I write and not as I do,' is evidently the motto of the author of those pretty little and highly moral Christmas books."

HINTS TO ENTOMOLOGISTS.—A rather curious advantage has been taken of the insect-eating propensities of the toad. A gentleman had killed a toad at a very early hour one morning, and after skinning it for the purpose of stuffing the skin, he dissected its digestive system. The contents of the stomach he turned out into a basin of water, and found there a mass of insects, some of them very rare, and in good preservation. Afterwards, he was accustomed to kill toads for the express purpose of collecting the insects that were found within them, and which, being caught during the night, were of such species as are not often found.—The same experiment elicited another curious fact—namely, the great tenacity of life possessed by some insects. Before pinning out the insects that were found, and which were mostly beetles, they had been allowed to remain in the water for several days, and were apparently dead, yet, when they were pinned on cork, they revived.

"The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Towards have done good and kind actions—towards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgives; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness."

"We are born to do benefits.—Shakespeare."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A TRAGIC OCCURRENCE—WHOLESALE DUELING—A SWEEPING MEASURE—ROSA BONHEUR.

Paris, May 27, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The recent most barbarous and deplorable affair of the *Figaro* duel, constitutes at the present time the main topic of conversation in this city. Doubtless you have already had some allusion to this matter in your columns, but I may be excused for referring to it a little more in detail.

A witty and rather malicious little journal called *Figaro*, in alluding to some new regulations about the wearing of spurs in the army, remarked that, thanks to the new regulations, *Figaro* would now be able to dance with ladies without tiring their dresses. This very innocent pleasantry was regarded as very offensive by the ensign at Vincennes, one of whom wrote an angry letter to M. de Pène, the author of the article in question, and challenged him. De Pène, in the next number of *Figaro*, stated that he had received a challenge from an ensign, whose eloquence was evidently that of a man who had little intention of using his sword. On this a fresh challenge was sent and accepted. De Pène, accompanied by his second—a duke and a well-known literary gentleman—repaired to the place chosen as the scene of the rendezvous, in the neighborhood of Vincennes. To the surprise of the writer and his second, the officer was accompanied by twenty of his friends. The duel having been fought with swords, De Pène was slightly wounded in the wrist, and the second, declaring the "honor" of their principals vindicated, put a stop to the combat. Judge of the amazement of De Pène and his friends, when the twenty ensigns present declared that they all considered themselves insulted by the article of De Pène, and insisted on fighting him, one after another! One of the twenty, coming forward from the group, then challenged De Pène in due form, and insisted on this second duel taking place then and there. De Pène objected that he was fatigued by the first duel, and moreover that his wrist had received a scratch; but offered to meet the new adversary next morning in the same spot. The ensign, however, insisted on fighting at once, and De Pène then consented to meet him. It is evident that, tired with his recent exertions, his hand unsteady, De Pène could not meet this second adversary on equal terms, and his second, much blamed for having allowed himself to be overruled in such a matter. This second duel had hardly begun, when De Pène was run through the chest, his lungs nearly coming through the wound; his brutal antagonist running his sword half through him a second time, after he had fallen. A third ensign, it is said, actually challenged him as he lay there, more dead than alive, on the ground. It was an hour before De Pène could be conveyed on a mattress to the nearest village; the agony suffered by the unfortunate young man being so frightful that even his adversaries were moved to remorse and regret, though the patience and fortitude he displayed are described as almost superhuman. Dr. Guérin, who was on the spot from the first, did all that friendship and skill could do to alleviate his sufferings, but it was thought that every moment would be his last, so great was the difficulty of breathing, and so agonizing the hiccough that resulted from the injury to the lungs. Strange to say, the unfortunate victim of what can be called by no milder term than assassination, still lives; though in so precarious a state that his attendants dare not hope for his recovery. His wife, almost broken-hearted, has not taken an hour's rest since the horrible tragedy occurred, and is at his bedside night and day. His father came from a distant part of the country four days ago, to see him, but has not been allowed to go into his room, as the least shock must be instantly fatal. Such is the indignation felt by all Paris at the behaviour of the officers, that lists of young men, determined to fight all the officers of Vincennes in succession, have been opened in different parts of the town, to give to all desirous of thus protesting against the savage behaviour of the officers of that garrison, the opportunity of putting down their names. "I thought that about twenty would have signed before me," remarked a friend of one of my friends, who had just been to sign his name on one of these lists, "but I found that three hundred had already sent their card to an officer of Vincennes!" It is positively asserted that nearly as many more have inscribed their names on the lists of those who have determined to avenge the infamous treatment to which De Pène has fallen a victim, and that a great number of *rencontres* have actually taken place, the authorities finding it impossible to prevent them. The lists of "avengers" are, of course, carefully kept out of sight of the police. How far this account is strictly correct, I cannot say, but it is the version now to be heard in half the *salons* of Paris.

The decision of the Government, requiring the administrators of the various charitable asylums and hospitals to sell the landed estates in possession of those institutions, and to invest the proceeds of these sales in the public funds, is of course very differently appreciated here by different parties. The estates vested—many of them from very ancient times—in these charitable institutions, represent a sum of considerably more than five hundred millions of francs: it is asserted by the Government that they are frequently mismanaged, and that they ought to bring in a much larger sum than they now realized from them. The annual revenue derived by the various charitable foundations from the lands bequeathed to them in former times, amounts to fifteen millions of francs; the Government asserts, that if these lands are sold at their present value, and the proceeds invested in the fund, their annual income will be raised to eighty-three millions. Such a result would undoubtedly be worth a little trouble to attain; but the opponents of the measure reply that the possession of the soil is the sole stable guarantee for the perpetuation of a charitable object, and that, as the funds have a constant tendency to fall in value, while land on the contrary is constantly rising in value, it is unwise and unjust to make this change. The funds, which were formerly at five per cent.,

were reduced by the Government a few years ago to four per cent., and have subsequently been brought down to three per cent.; and as this form of interest may undoubtedly be brought down to a still lower rate, they argue that the prospect of an income of eighty-three millions yearly, now held out by the Government as a reason for the impending change, is to a certain extent illusory.

That the lands bequeathed to the support of charities are mismanaged, notwithstanding the sharp watch exercised over them by the State since 1821, is undeniable; as is also the fact that the "religious communities," to whom is entrusted the internal management of the greater number of them, draw a large portion of the profits into their own "religious" coffers, and that it is the clerical party which is crying out most loudly against the change. But "the opposite of wrong is not always right;" and it is quite possible that the hospital-estates of the country may need to be placed under better and more profitable management, and yet that their forced sale may not be the wisest course of proceeding. In a country so unstable as France is at present, as far as the interests of the poor and suffering are concerned, it would be far better to leave to these institutions the lands now vested in their support, and to endeavor to secure for them a better administration. But the profits and "pickings" to be realized on so large an amount of real estate are probably too tempting to allow of any respect being shown for the wishes of founders, or the interest of future generations of the sick and the needy.

To resume the biographic notice left unfinished in my last, let me remind your readers that we then left Rosa Bonheur, in her seventeenth year, vowed to Art as the aim and occupation of her life, but cultivating Landscape, Historical, and Genre painting with equal assiduity, being as yet without any decided preference for either. It was about this period, however, that her own special path became clear to her; for, happening to make a study of a goat, she was so much enchanted with this new attempt that she thenceforth devoted herself to the cultivation of the peculiar province in which she has since attained such brilliant results. Too poor to procure models, she went out daily into the country, on foot, in search of picturesque views and animals for sketching. With a bit of bread in her pocket, and laden with canvas and colors, or a mass of clay—for she was attracted equally towards Painting and Sculpture, and has shown that she would have succeeded equally in either—she used to set out early in the morning, and having found a site or a subject to her mind, seat herself on a bank, or under a tree, and work on till dusk; coming home at nightfall, after a tramp of ten or a dozen miles, browned by sun and wind, soaked with rain, or covered with mud; exhausted with fatigue, but rejoicing in the lessons the day had furnished.

Her inability to procure models at home also suggested to her another expedient, whose adoption shows how earnest was her determination to overcome the obstacles which Poverty had placed in the way of her studies.

The slaughtering and preparing of animals for the Paris market is confined, as many of my readers are no doubt aware, to a few *abattoirs*, great establishments on the outskirts of the city, placed under the supervision of the municipal authorities; each of these establishments contains extensive enclosures, in which are penned thousands of lowing and bleating victims awaiting their turn to be led to the shambles. To one of these—the *abattoir du Roule*—had Rosa the courage to go, daily, for many months, surmounting alike the repugnance which such a locality naturally inspired, and her equally natural hesitation to place herself in contact with the crowd of butchers and drovers who filled it. Seated on a bundle of hay, with her colors beside her, the heroic girl painted on, from morning till dusk, not unfrequently forgetting the bit of bread in her pocket, so absorbed would she become in the study of the varied types that rendered the courts and stables of the *abattoir* so invaluable a field of observation for her. Not content with drawing the occupants of the *abattoir* in their pens, away from the sickening horror of the shambles, but feeling the necessity of studying their attitudes under the terror and agony of the death-stroke, she compelled herself to make repeated visits to the slaughter-house itself, and to look upon scenes whose repulsiveness was rendered doubly painful to her by her affectionate sympathy with the brute creation. In the evening, on her return home, her hands, face and clothes were usually spotted all over by the flies, so numerous wherever animals are congregated. Such was the respect with which she inspired the rude companions by whom she was surrounded—and who would often beg to see her sketches, which they regarded with the most naive admiration—that nothing ever occurred to annoy her, in the slightest degree, during her long sojourns in the crowded precincts of the *abattoir*.

After she had ceased her visits to this establishment, she frequented, in a similar manner, the stables of the veterinary school of Alfort; and the animals and museums of the Garden of Plants. She also resumed her sketching-rambles in the country, and resorted diligently to all the horse and cattle fairs held in the neighborhood of Paris. On the latter occasions she invariably wore male attire; a precaution she found it necessary to adopt, both as a convenience, and still more as a protection against the annoyances that would have rendered it impossible for her to mingle in such gatherings in feminine costume. In her masculine habits, Rosa had so completely the look of a good-hearted, ingenious boy, that the graziers and horse-dealers whose animals she drew, would frequently insist on "standing treat" in a *chopine* of wine, or a *petit verre* of something stronger, to the "clever little fellow" whose skillful portrayal of their beasts had so much delighted them; and it sometimes required all her address and ingenuity to escape from their well-meant persecutions. Her good looks, too, in the assumed character of a youth of the sterner sex, would sometimes make and havoc in the susceptible hearts of village dairymaids: under which head certain laughable in-

cidents might be narrated. In her subsequent explorations of the romantic regions at either foot of the Pyrenees, the passion with which she has thus unwittingly inspired the black-eyed Phœbes of the south, has more than once proved a source of serious though comical embarrassment to the artist, desirous above all things to maintain, impenetrably, the secret of her disguise.

The young artist's studies were not confined to the exterior forms of her models. She procured the best anatomical treatises and plates, with casts and models of the different parts of the human frame, and studied them with her usual thoroughness; she then procured legs, shoulders, and heads of animals from the butchers, carefully dissecting them, and thus obtaining an intimate knowledge of the forms and dependencies of the muscles whose play she had to delineate.

Now that Rosa has arrived at the fame which her swelling child-bride prophesied to herself before she had ascertained the path that should lead to the fulfillment of her aspirations, the richest and noblest of her countrymen are proud to place at her disposal the finest products of their farms and studs: while mules, donkeys, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, and rare poultry, are offered to her from one end of Europe to the other, so that it is impossible for her to quarter a tithe of the "models" with which the admirers of her genius are ambitious of supplying her. But it is certain that the poverty and obscurity, which, during her first years of effort, prevented her from supplying herself with the models she desired, and compelled her to lay all the environs under contribution, and to frequent *abattoirs* and cattle-markets in search of subjects for her pencil, were really of unspeakable service to her, as forcing her to make acquaintance with a multitude of types, and that, too, under a variety of action and condition, such as she could never have beheld in any other way, and giving her at once a breadth of conception, variety of detail, and truthfulness to nature, that a more limited range of experience could not have supplied.

Throughout all her varied studies, Raymond Bonheur was his daughter's constant and only teacher. M. Léon Coignet, to whom she has been said, erroneously, to have been a pupil, took great interest in her progress, and warmly encouraged her to persevere in her efforts; but she never took a lesson of any other teachers than her father and Nature.

Raymond Bonheur, with his family, now occupies a small sixth-story apartment in the Rue Ruffot. His two sons, Auguste and Isidore, had also devoted themselves to the artistic career—the first as a painter, the second as a sculptor—under his paternal auspices; and the whole family, warmly attached to each other, and merry and hopeful in spite of their poverty, labored diligently together in the same little studio. From daylight till dusk Rosa was always at her easel, singing like a linnets, the busiest and merriest of them all. In the evening, the frugal dinner despatched, and the lamp lighted, she would spend several hours in drawing, embroidery, &c., thus earning an additional contribution to the family-purse.

Rosa delighted in birds, of which she had many in the studio; but it grieved her to see them confined. To her great joy, one of her brothers contrived a net, which he fastened to the outer side of the window, so that they could be safely let out of their cages. She had also a beautiful sheep, with long silky wool, the most docile and intelligent of quadrupeds, which she kept on the leads outside the windows of her apartment; the leads aforesaid forming a terrace, and being converted by her into a garden, gay with honeysuckles, clematis, convolvulus, nasturtiums, and sweet peas. As the sheep could not well descend six flights of stairs, yet needed occasional exercise and change of diet, Isidore used to place it gravely on his shoulders, and carry it down to a neighboring croft, where it browsed on the fresh grass to its heart's content; after which he would again take it on his shoulders, and carry it back to its aerial dwelling. Thus carefully tended, the animal passed two years contentedly on the terrace, affording to Rosa and her brothers an admirable model, always ready, and always instructive.

It was in the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1841 that Rosa Bonheur made her first appearance before the critical Areopagus of Paris, attracting the favorable notice both of *connoisseurs* and public by her two charming little groups of a goat, sheep, and rabbits. The following year she exhibited three paintings, viz.:—"Animals in a Pasture," "A Cow Lying in a Meadow," and "A Horse For Sale," which attracted still more notice, the first of these being especially remarkable for its exquisite rendering of the atmospheric effects of evening, and its blending of poetic sentiment with bold fidelity to fact.

From this period she appeared in all the Paris Exhibitions, and in many of those of the principal provincial towns; her reputation rising every year, and several bronze and silver medals being awarded to her productions. In 1844, she exhibited, with her paintings, "A Bull" in clay; one of the many proofs she has given of powers that would have raised her to a high rank as a sculptor, had she not, at length, been definitively drawn by the combined attractions of Form and Color, into the ranks of the Painters. In 1845 she exhibited no less than twelve paintings, a splendid collection, flanked by the works of her father and of her brother Auguste, then admitted for the first time. In 1846 her productions were accompanied by those of her father and of both her brothers, the younger of whom then first appeared as a sculptor; the family-group being completed, in a subsequent Exhibition, by the admission of her younger sister, Juliette, who had returned to Paris, and had also become an artist. In 1849, her magnificent "Cattle Ozen" took the gold medal; Horace Vernet, President of the Committee of Awards, proclaiming the new laureate in presence of a brilliant crowd of *amateurs*, and presenting her, in the name of the Government, with a superb Sevres vase; the value of a triumph which placed her ostensibly in the highest rank of her profession being immeasurably enhanced in her eyes, by the unbounded delight it afforded to her father.

Raymond Bonheur, released from pecuniary difficulties, and rejuvenated by the joy of his daughter's success, had accepted the Directorship of the Government School of De-

sign for Girls, and resumed his palette with all the ardor of his younger days. But his health had been undermined by the fatigues and anxieties he had borne so long, and he died, in 1849, of heart-disease, deeply regretted by his family.

Rosa, who had aided her father in the School of Design, was now made its Directress, a post which she still holds; her sister—now Mme. Payrol—being the resident Professor, and Rosa superintending the classes in a weekly lesson.

Her already brilliant reputation was still further enhanced by the appearance, in 1849, of her noble "Ploughing-scene in the Nièvre," ordered by the Government, and now in the Luxembourg Gallery; of the "Horse-market," in 1853—the preparatory studies for which occupied her during eighteen months; and the "Hay-making," in 1855. The enthusiasm created by the last two works being still fresh and vivid in the public mind.

More fortunate than many other great artists, whose merits have often been more slowly acknowledged, Rosa Bonheur has been, from her first appearance, a favorite with the public.—Her vigorous originality, her perfect mastery of the technicalities and mechanical details of her art, and the charm of a style at once so fresh, so simple, yet so profoundly and poetically true, have secured for her productions, from the commencement of her career, a sympathetic appreciation and a rapid sale. She has exhibited, in all, thirty-five paintings, and has produced many more which have not been exhibited, being purchased by private amateurs. She has already made a fortune by her pencil, but it is fortunate which she has bestowed entirely on others; and such is her habitual generosity, and so scrupulous is her delicacy in all matters connected with her art, that it may be doubted whether she will ever amass any great amount of wealth for herself. Her portfolios already contain nearly a thousand sketches, many of them surpassingly beautiful, and all eagerly coveted by amateurs. But she regards these sketches as a part of her artistic life, and as such refuses to part with them on any terms, although she is fully aware of the sums they might be made to yield; a little drawing of hers, that had accidentally found its way into the hands of a salesman, having fetched £30 a short time since in London. Demands for paintings reach her from every part of the world; but she invariably refuses all orders not fully congenial to her talent. Many instances might be cited of her scrupulous probity and dignity in this respect.

The award of the Jury, in 1853, in virtue of which the authors of "The Horse-market," was enrolled among the recognized Masters of the Brush, and, as such, exempted from the necessity of submitting her works to the Examining Committee previous to their admission to future Exhibitions, entitled her—according to French usage in such cases—to the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This decision, which would necessarily have been bestowed on her had she been a man, and which is frequently accorded to *zouks* and *subvers*, was refused to the Artist by the Emperor, because she was a woman.

This refusal, repeated after her brilliant success of 1855, has naturally excited the indignation of her admirers, who cannot understand why an honor which would be accorded to a certain talent in a man, should be refused to this same talent when bestowed by Nature upon a woman. But though Rosa was included in the invitation to the State Dinner at the Tuilleries, always given to the artists to whom the Academy of Fine-Arts has awarded its highest honor, the refusal of the decoration has been maintained, notwithstanding the numerous efforts that have been made to obtain a reversal of the Imperial decision.

Rosa Bonheur is an indefatigable worker. She rises at 6 o'clock, and paints until dusk; when she lays aside her *blouse*, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unassuming appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets, alone or accompanied only by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of everything around her, the first conception of a picture is frequently struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.

Living solely by her art, she has gladly resigned the cares of her outward existence to an old and devoted friend, Madame Mies, a widow lady, who, with her daughter—an artist whose exquisite groups of birds are well known in England, and who has been for many years Rosa's most intimate companion—reside with her, relieving her of every material responsibility, and leaving her free to devote herself exclusively to her favorite pursuit. Every summer the two lady-artists, accompanied by one of Rosa's brothers, repair to some mountain district to sketch. Arrived at the regions inhabited only by the chamois, the ladies exchange their feminine habiliments for masculine attire; and spend a couple of months in exploring the wildest recesses of the hills, courting the acquaintance of their shy and swift-footed tenants and harvesting "effects" of storm, rain and vapor as assiduously as those of sunshine. Though Rosa is fully alive to the beauties of wood and meadow, as we know from the loveliness she has transferred from them to her canvases, mountain-scenery is her special delight. Hitherto her explorations have been confined to the French chains, the Pyrenees, and the Scotch Highlands. The Alps she has not yet visited, though constantly intending to do so. Her preference being for the stern, the abrupt, and the majestic, in preference to the soft, the smiling, and the fair, Italy, with all its glories, has hitherto attracted her less powerfully than the ruder magnificence of the Pyrenees and the North.

Among mountains the great artist is completely in her element; out of doors from morning till night, lodging in the humblest and remotest of wayside *hostels*, or in the huts of wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, and chamois-hunters, and living contentedly on whatever fare can be obtained. Two years ago, being furnished, by families of distinction in the Béarnais and the Basque provinces, with introductions to the rare inhabitants of the region, the party pushed their adventurous wanderings to the little station of Pegnère, the last inhabited point within the French frontier, and thence, up the romantic defiles of the Vallée d'Urdos, across the summit of the

Pyrenees. Thanks to the letters they carried, the travellers were hospitably received at each halting-place, and furnished with a trustworthy guide for the next march. In this way they crossed the mountains, and gained the lonely *posada* of Canfranc, the first on the Spanish side of the ridge; where, for six weeks, they saw no living soul but the *bourriqueros* (muleteers) with their strings of mules, who would halt for the night at the little inn, setting out with the earliest ray of morning for their descent on the opposite side of the hill.

The people of the *posada* lived entirely on curdled sheep's milk; the sole article of food the party could obtain on their arrival. Their threatened starvation was averted by the exertions of Madame Mies, who managed to procure a quantity of frogs, the hind legs of which she enveloped in leaves, and toasted on sticks over a fire on the hearth. On these frogs they lived for two days, when the hostess was induced to attempt the making of butter from the milk of her sheep, and even to allow of the occasional conversion of one of these animals into mutton for their benefit. Their harder thus supplied, and black bread being brought for them by the *bourriqueros* from some village a very long way off, the party gave themselves up to the pleasure of their wild life, and the business of sketching. The arrival of the muleteers, with their embroidered shirts, their pointed hats, velvet jackets, and leather breeches and sandals, was always a welcome event. Rosa paid for wine for them, and they would perform their national dances for her; after which they would throw themselves down for the night upon sheepskins, before the fire, furnishing subjects for many a picturesque sketch. As the *posada* was a police-station, established there as a terror to smugglers, the little party felt perfectly safe, notwithstanding its loneliness.

With her Scotch tour Rosa was so much pleased that she will probably revisit a district from which she has brought away only agreeable associations, and a wonderful little *Skye* terrier, named "Wasp," of the purest breed, and remarkably intelligent—which she holds in great affection, and for whose benefit she has learned several English phrases, to which "Wasp" responds with appreciative waggings of the tail.

In the prime of her talent, constantly in communication with the works of nature which occupy her pencil, and determined not to marry, but to devote her life exclusively to her favorite art, it may be fairly presumed that Rosa Bonheur will produce a long line of noble works that will worthily maintain—if they may not enhance—the reputation she has already acquired; while the virtues and excellencies of her private character will assuredly win for her possessor an ever-widening circle of admiration and esteem.

QUANTUM

Man are but children of a larger growth; Our appetites as apt to change as theirs, And full as craving, too, and full as vain. And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room, Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing; But like a mole in earth, busy and blind, Works all her folly up, and casts it outward To the world's open view. —Dryden.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. —Holmes.

Aaron Burr's definition of law in general was, "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained;" his practice, "never to negotiate in a hurry." "There is a maxim," said he, "never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." A better reading is, "never do to day what you can do to-morrow," for something may occur to make you regret your premisses.

It is in the country, and, as it seems to me, there only, that the minds of children may be kept in a state of healthy activity, without a too frequent recurrence to books; and it is there best, if not exclusively, that a wide and copious acquaintance with the kingdoms of nature may be made by the means of ocular and conversational instruction, such as shall convey a fund of various information, apart from task-work and lesson-learning. A full half, or more, of all that ought to be learned in early life may be learned out of doors by country-bred children; and how incalculable is the advantage of such a method in respect both of the mind and of the body. —Isaac Taylor.

A woman without poetry is like a landscape without sunshine. —Mrs. Ellis.

When the brave Corporal Calithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid! why, I was in all the battles of the Peninsula!" but having it explained to him, that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "No, no! I did not fear that; I was only afraid we should be all killed before we had time to win it."

It has been remarked that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

How little is known of what is in the bosoms of those around us! We might expect to learn a coldness we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we think we can never forgive, admire when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

Mr. Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass-word at the battle of Fontenoy, at the same time the great Saxe was marshalled. The pass-word is Saxe; now don't forget it, Pak," said the colonel. "Saxe: faith and I won't. Wasn't me father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cries the sentinel, after he had arrived at the pass. Pak looked as confidential as possible, and whispered in a sort of hawl, "Bigs, yer honor."

Louis XIII., coming from the Council with Richelieu, whose opinions had just overruled those of the King, the latter stood aside to let the monarch pass. "Are you not the master here?" said the King, pushing him angrily. "Go before me." "I can only do so," replied the old courtier, taking a torch from one of the pages, "by assuming the duties of the humblest of your servants."

A LADY'S MAN.

How much at home was Charles in all the talk aforesaid, nicknamed "small;" seldom embarrassed, never slow, his maxims always "trench and go;" from grave to gay he ran with ease. Secure alike in both to please.

The Duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Tower, after having inspected that fortress, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow thus: "How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your grace and I have been in every jail in the kingdom." "I believe friend," replied the duke, with surprise, "this is the only jail I have ever visited." "Very like," replied the fellow, "but I have been in all the rest." So saying he touched his hat to the duke, and walked off with the greatest sang froid imaginable. Marlborough stared, as well he might.

A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and parity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.

FRENCH PHILANTHROPY.—The steamer *Stella*, of three hundred and eighty-three tons, and 80-horse-power, with a crew of thirty-two men, under the French flag, left Lorient, west coast of Africa, on the 29th of November, 1857, for Cap-Haïtien, with one hundred and twenty-three Africans on board. At that place a hundred and nine African "immigrants" were shipped under the protection of four French men-of-war, *La Tourmente*, *Le Canotier*, *La Zélie*, and *La Jeanne d'Arc*, and the *Stella* left Cap-Haïtien, towing *Le Canotier* to "protect the embarkation of the complement of her cargo." At Longuehouse, more "immigrants" were shipped, on the 4th December, the *Stella* sailed for Gaudaloupe, a French West India island, where six hundred and forty-seven wretched, sickly "immigrants" were landed, three hundred and three having died on the passage from asphyxia, dysentery and fever.—Some of these wretched beings were carried across the island to Point-à-Petre, and others were shipped for the same destination in small craft, one of which on her passage struck a rock and went to the bottom, carrying with her eighty-two Africans. Out of the nine hundred and fifty that left the coast of Africa in the *Stella*, only two hundred and twenty-seven reached their ultimate destination on the French plantations. The correctness of the foregoing statement is vouched for by numerous letters received by the Kingston (Jamaica) Morning Star, from "several highly respectable and perfectly trustworthy inhabitants" of the colony of Gaudaloupe. This experiment of importing African immigrants, "has been attended with" a loss of over 75 per cent. of the whole "cargo," and will certainly rival, if it does not eclipse in infamy, the worst "horrors of the regular slave trade."

THE DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR.—The Carolina Spirit supplies a new incident in the life of Aaron Burr, regarding the death of his daughter. It professes to derive its information from an old and distinguished citizen of Charleston, now dead—a very doubtful story, and in a very unreliable shape. "Burr, in his many intrigues, compassed the ruin of the wife of a captain of a coaster between New York and Charleston. To remove the captain, Burr corrupted the sailors to mutiny and destroy him. On the outward voyage no opportunity offered, and the execution of the plan was deferred till the return trip. Unfortunately on this very vessel, Mrs. Aaron took passage. Her fate was an awful retribution on her abandoned father. He never looked up after, and doubtless from the conviction that the sins of the father were visited upon the child. Our informant went to New York to look up the wife of the captain. Hearing that Burr knew her, he sought an interview. The mention of the name wrought the signs of a lance; nor would Burr keep a further appointment, or impart any information on the topic."

TWENTY-SIX YEARS IN PRISON.—We yesterday received a call from Bannum, the prisoner pardoned out by the Legislature, after a confinement of twenty-six years in the prison at Wethersfield. He expresses a good deal of gratitude to the many friends who interested themselves to get him released. The outer world appears to him very different from what it does to those accustomed to mingle in its every day changes. The wonderful changes and inventions of the last twenty years appear all new to him, and are looked upon by him with about the same degree of wonder as if he had just risen from the dead, after a sleep of a quarter of a century. He never until yesterday, saw a printing press, a railroad, or a train of cars. He was taken to the depot at noon to see the express train come in, and was of course much astonished at the sight.—Hartford Courant.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN THE WESTERN CITIES.—Buffalo, Chicago, and other Western cities, it appears, are overrun with laborers and mechanics, who are unable to find employment, the result of the collapse of the credit system and bank expansion. In the former place, last week, several hundred of this class paraded the streets, demanding "work or bread." In Chicago, the demand for labor by poor people has been so great that the street commissioners have been enabled to supply each man with but two days in a week at seventy-five cents per day. It is now thought best to cut wages down to fifty cents, and put on third-rate men into city service. At fifty cents per day, says the Democrat, the city will be overwhelmed with applications for labor.

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—Mr John Walter, M. P. for the borough of Nottingham, is principal proprietor of the London Times newspaper, holding nineteen shares out of the twenty-four into which that valuable publication is divided. The publisher, who is responsible for all libels, &c., has one share. Mr. F. D. Leno, the editor, has one share, and Mrs. Carden, mother of Sir Robert Carden, the present Lord Mayor of London, has three shares. It is estimated that each proprietary share is worth over \$10,000 a year, making the agreeable sum of \$240,000 to \$260,000 per annum out of all the shares. Mr. Walter's individual receipts from this source may be averaged at some \$200,000 a year.

FROM UTAH.—Additional details, received by the Salt Lake mail, say that seventy Mormon families had arrived at Camp Scott and applied for protection, which was freely given. The mail party met Captain Harris with a train of two hundred and fifty head of beef cattle, at Harris's Fort, only fifteen miles this side of Camp Scott.

For two weeks the troops had been subsisting on eight ounces of flour and half a pound of beef per day.

THE CROPS.—The crops of the South, from Virginia, down to Louisiana, are spoken of in our exchanges as being remarkably good. Corn and cotton are reported as excellent. In the North and West, the floods have damaged the crops considerably, but the principal harm being along the water-courses, is consequently very circumscribed in its range.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

We have been without a Pastor,
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We've heard at least a score,
All of 'em "tip top" preachers,
Or so their letters run—
And yet we can't easily hit
Upon a proper man!

The first who came among us,
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him
Because he was the first:
It being quite the custom,
To mention a few,
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With serious, earnest way,
Who but for one great blunder
Had surely won the day;
Who left us good impressions,
On Monday one or two
Went round among the people,
To see if he would do.

The pious, golly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind,
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners,
Who rent the highest pews.

On these, his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit:
The cost of gospel teaching
Was quite too great a bit;
Of course his fate was settled,
Attend, ye Parsonage all!
And preach to please the sinners,
If you would get a call!

Next came a spruce young dandy
Who wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those,
We couldn't hear the sermon,
For thinking of his nose.

Then looking of candidates,
We took the country through,
Mid doctors and professors
To find one that would do.
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement,
We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here then we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined;
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that College
Had claims above "our Church."

Next we despatched committees,
By two and threes to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Sprague.
He came—a marked sensation,
So wonderful his style,
Followed the croaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn,
Before the second line.
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer ever addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's food
On such a lovely topic,
"The joys of solitude."
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and pearly streams,
Of warbling birds and moon-light groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith, and true repentance,
He nothing had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinners' conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days,
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge,
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Sprague.

In vain were all our efforts,
We had no chance at all,
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow,
But where he bid the highest
"Twas whispered he would go.

And now good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a shepherd
To guide our church affairs;
With this clear understanding—
A man to meet our views
Must preach to please the sinners;
And fill the vacant pews.

BLACK AND WHITE.—A pretty little blonde
actress of one of the boulevard theatres of Paris,
exhibited a singular taste, by appearing in a
toilette of deep black on all occasions; from
the first of January to the last of December.
Desirous of knowing the cause of this eternal
mourning, her intimate friend, Mlle A., de-
manded:—

"How happens it, my dear, that you are al-
ways clothed in sable, like the page of the de-
funct M. Marlborough?"
"That is my secret."

"But one has no secrets from a sincere
friend. Is it a vow?"
"Perhaps."

"Do you mourn a first love?"
"Ma foi—no."
"A parrot, a King Charles, a protector?"
"I detest all pets."

"What then, pray, is the virtue which you
desire to exhibit?"
"It isn't a virtue."
"Well, what then?"
"The whiteness of my shoulders."
"Mon dieu—I suspected it!"

HAREM LIFE.

The published Remembrances of her recent
trip through Asia Minor and Syria, by the Prin-
cess Belgiojoso, afford an accurate and truth-
ful picture of Harem life, and place the degra-
ding and evil effects of the practice of Polygamy
in a vivid light before the reader.

The Princess had been residing for some
time in the valley of the Clag-maq-Oglon (Son
of the Flint-stone) at some days' distance from
the important town of Angora, when, ap-
parently, a great lady's fantasy assailed her,
and urged her to travel to Jerusalem. She set
out, in consequence, accompanied by a sume-
rous escort, and the first day's journey termi-
nated at the town of Tiberias, where the lady
descended at the house of a mufti, whom she
had cured some months previously of intermit-
tent fever. (It seems that she has been playing
the Lady Bountiful on a considerable scale.)
Here, of course, she was received with open
arms, and takes occasion to speak very sensibly
about Turkish hospitality, on which subject
considerable delusion still exists. As she truly
observes, those authors who have praised the
hospitality accorded them in Turcoman villages
are perfectly wrong, for in those villages the
worst reception is offered you. But with a
Turk hospitality is the sole Christian virtue he
thinks himself bound to exercise. A Musul-
man would be inconsolable were he to fail in
the laws of hospitality. You may turn him out
of his house, leave him to kick his heels in the
rain or sun; you may upset his carpets and pil-
lows, eat him out of house and home, founder
his horses if you will, and he will not utter a
word of reproach; he regards you as his Mus-
safir, or guest; Allah has sent you, and whatever
you may do, you are and ever will be welcome.
All this is admirable; but if a Musulman can
contrive to perform the strict letter of the law
of hospitality without the outlay of a farthing,
or even by gaining money in return, then good-
by to virtue, and long live hypocrisy! Your
host will overwhelm you with attentions as
long as you are in his house, but if, on your de-
parture, you do not pay him twentyfold the
worth of what he has given you, he will wait
till you have quit the house and put off the
sacred character of guest, and be the first to
throw stones at you.

The mufti's house, like all the better class
residences in this country, was composed of a
corps de logis, reserved for the women and chil-
dren, and an exterior pavilion containing a win-
ter and summer room, and some sleeping dens
for the servants. The winter room was warmed
by a capital chimney, covered with thick car-
pets, and decently furnished with divans,
covered with silk and woolen stuffs, arranged
around the apartment. The summer saloon
contained a fountain, round which cushions and
divans were arranged, when necessary, on
which to sit or sleep. The mufti, a man of
ninety years of age, still in possession of sev-
eral wives, the eldest of them thirty years of age,
children from the nurse's arms up to the sexa-
gearian, professed an extreme dislike for the
noise, confusion, and dirt of the harem. He
went there during the day, just as he visited
the stable to admire his horses; but he always
slept in one of the outer rooms, according to
the season. This was fortunate for the Prin-
cess, for the old gentleman argued, *à fortiori*,
that if he had been used to it all his life
could not stand the harem, much less could a
lady fresh from all the delights of Frangistan.
He therefore offered her his own room, which she
gladly accepted, while he retired to the sum-
mer saloon, preferring the frozen fountain, the
damp floor, and the draughts of air, to the warm
but impure atmosphere of the harem.

"Possibly I may destroy some illusions by
speaking with so little respect of the harems.
We have read descriptions in the Arabian
Nights and other Oriental stories: We have
been told that these places are the abode of
beauty and love; we are authorized in believing
that the descriptions written, though exagger-
ated and embellished, have still a foundation of
truth, and that in these mysterious retreats all
the marvels of art, luxury, magnificence, and
voluptuousness are combined. How far we are
from the truth! Imagine walls blackened and
cracked, ceilings with the beams gapping and
covered with dust and spiders' webs, sofas torn
and greasy, portières in tatters, traces of tallow
and oil everywhere. When I entered for the
first time one of these charming places I was
disgusted, but the mistresses of the house did
not perceive it. Mirrors being very scarce in
these countries, the ladies bedizen themselves
in the strangest possible guise. They thrust a
number of bejewelled pins into pinned cotton
handkerchiefs and then roll them round their
heads. They pay not the slightest attention to
their hair, and only the very great ladies who
have visited the capital possess combs. As for
the many-colored paints, of which they make an
immoderate use, they can only regulate their
distribution by mutual assistance, and as the
women living in the same house are so many
rivals, the great object is to render them rid-
iculous. They put vermilion on their lips,
ruge on their cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin,
white wherever there is a vacancy, and blue
round their eyes and under their nose. Stran-
ger still is the manner in which they paint their
eyebrows. They are doubtless told that, to be
beautiful, the eye-brow should form a large
arch, and they have thence concluded that the
larger the arch the more beautiful is the eye-
brow, without inquiring whether its position is
not irrevocably fixed by nature. This being
the case, they allow their eyebrows all the
space between the temples, and paint on their
foreheads two immense arches, which, starting
from the top of the nose, run across the fore-
head. Some young coquettes beauties prefer a
straight line to a curve, and trace a broad
black arch across the forehead; but these are
exceptions."

A deplorable effect is produced by this paint-
ing, combined with the indolence and want of
cleanness among Eastern women. Each femi-
nine face is a very complicated work of art,
which cannot be renewed every morning. Even
the hands and feet, painted of an orange color,
fear the action of water, as injurious to their
beauty. The multitude of children and ser-
vants, especially negroes, who people the ha-
rem, and the footing of equality on which mis-
treesses and servants live, are also aggravating

causes of the general want of cleanliness. We
do not refer to the children alone, as pre-dis-
posed to dirt; but just imagine for a mo-
ment what would be the state of our draw-
ing-rooms if our cooks and kitchen-maids came to
rest from their labors on our sofas and easy-
chairs, with their feet on our carpets and their
backs against our walls. Add to this that win-
dow-panes are still a rarity in Asia, that the
majority of windows are closed with oiled pa-
per, and that wherever paper is valuable, the
windows are done away with, and the ladies
content themselves with the light penetrating
through the chimney, which is more than suf-
ficient to smoke, drink coffee, and whip naughty
children—the only occupation in which the
mortal hours of Musulman believers ever in-
dulge. It must not be assumed, however, that
these rooms are so very gloomy. As the houses
are never more than one story high, the chim-
neys never extend beyond the roof, and, being
very wide, it is often possible, by bending, to
see the sky above them. The thing most want-
ing in the three rooms is fresh air; but the ladies
make no complaints about it. Naturally chilly,
and unable to warm themselves by exercise,
they stay for hours crouching over the fire,
quite regardless of the risk they run of suffo-
cation.

The Mufti of Tcherkes, according to the
Princess, was an admirable specimen of a Mus-
ulman. He did not appear more than sixty
years of age; his back was slightly bent, but
that was rather the result of condescension
than weakness, and he wore with as much
grace as nobility the long white robe and red
pelisse of the doctors of the law. His regular
features, his clear and transparent skin, his
blue and limpid eye, his long, white and flowing
beard falling to his chest, his broad brow sur-
mounted by a white or green turban, would
serve admirably for a model of Jacob or Abra-
ham. The house was at all times surrounded
by devotees of every age and condition, who
came to kiss the hem of the holy man's gar-
ment asking his advice, his prayers, or his
alms, and who all went away satisfied, and
singing the praises of their benefactor. When
surrounded by his younger children, who climb-
ed on his knees, hid their ruddy faces in his
long beard, and fell asleep in his arms, it was
a charming sight to witness him smile on them
tenderly, listen to their little complaints, exhort
them to study, and go through the alphabet
with them. The Princess was lost in admira-
tion of this just man, and said to herself:—
"Happy the people that still possesses such
men, and can appreciate them!" A conversa-
tion she had with the mufti rapidly disillusion-
ed her, however, and we purpose to produce it
in *extenso*, as a proof of the just stand-point
from which the Princess regards Eastern habits
and morals:

"The old man was seated, holding a young
child on either knee. I asked him if he had
several wives. He replied, 'I have only two
at present,' as if ashamed to be so badly pro-
vided; then he added, 'You will see them to-
morrow, and will not be satisfied with them
(here he made a movement of disdain); they are
old women who have been beautiful, but it was
a long time ago.'"

"What age are they?" I asked.
"I cannot tell you exactly; but they are
not far short of thirty."

"Oh, yes!" here exclaimed one of the mufti's
servants. "His excellency is not the man to
content himself with such females, and he will
soon fill up the gaps which death has made
in his harem. If you had come a year ago you
would have seen a woman suited for his excel-
lency, but she being dead, he will find others,
you need not fear."

"But," I asked again, 'as his excellency is
no longer young, and has had, as it seems, sev-
eral young wives always, and only regards
them as such to the age of thirty, I calculate
that during the course of his long life he must
have received a very considerable number into
his harem.'"

"Probably," said the holy man, without
any emotion.

"And your excellency has, doubtless, many
children?"

"The patriarch and his servant looked at
each other and burst into a loud laugh.
"Many children!" replied the master, when
the fit of mirth had passed off, 'I really be-
lieve I have; but I could not tell you the num-
ber. Say, Hassan,' he added, addressing his
servant, 'could you tell me how many children
I have, and where they are?'

"Indeed not. His excellency has them in
all the provinces of the empire, and in all the
districts of each province; but that is all I
know, and I would bet that my master is not
wiser than I am on that point."

"And how should I be?" said the old gentle-
man.

"I insisted, for my patriarch was losing my
esteem rapidly, and I wished to open his whole
heart. 'These children,' I continued, 'how
are they brought up? who takes care of them?
at what age are they separated from their fa-
ther? where are they sent? what profession
do they follow? what are their means of exist-
ence? and by what sign can you recognize them?'

"Oh! I may be mistaken, like any one else;
but that is of slight importance. They are all
brought up by me, as you see. I am educating
these two, until the age when they can take
care of themselves. The girls are married, or
betrothed, as soon as they have reached their
tenth or twelfth year, and I never hear any
more about them. The boys are not so pre-co-
cious, they cannot walk alone until they are
fourteen; but then I give them a letter of
recommendation to some friend in business; he
employs them himself or finds them a place,
and, after that, I wash my hands of them."

"And you do not see them again?" I went
on.

"How do I know? I receive very often
visits from people who call themselves my sons,
and who may be so. I give them a kind regu-
lating, and keep them for some days without ask-
ing any questions; but, at the end of that time,
they see there is no room for them here, and
noting for them to do. Their mothers being
dead, they are strangers to me. Thus they go
away, and never come back any more. Others
arrive in their place, and behave in the same
way. Nothing could be better."

"I was not yet satisfied. 'But,' I went on,

'are these pretty children you are now care-
lessly destined to undergo the same treatment?'

"Certainly."
"You will separate from them when they are
ten or fourteen years of age? You will not be
anxious as to what becomes of them? You
will never see them again, perhaps? And if
they do come back you will treat them as
strangers, and see them go away forever, with-
out giving them one of those kisses of which
you are prodigal to-day? What will become
of you presently, in your desolate house, when
the voice of your children no longer reaches
through it?"

"I was beginning to grow animated, and
my friend did not understand me. The servant,
however, seeing the sense of my last words,
hastened to reassure me as to the future iso-
lation of his revered master."

"Oh, no," he said, "when these children are
grown up his excellency will have others quite
small. You may safely trust to him in that
matter: he will not allow any failure."

"Hereupon master and servant burst out
laughing once more."

The old man had, however, remarked
that the effect produced on his guest by
this conversation, was not to his advantage,
and he was anxious to retain her esteem.—
Hence he commenced a long discourse about
the inconveniences of too large a family, and the
impossibility of rearing and bringing up thor-
oughly all the children born, especially during
a life so long as his. The tone of this apology
was perfectly serious, but the argument was so
odious and absurd that the Princess was reject-
ed on the point of interrupting him. At any
rate, she sang her mental psalm as thus:—
"Unhappy the people among whom such men
are honored as models of virtue!" The next
day the Princess received a visit from the prin-
cipal spouse of the patriarch. She was a
handsome virago, frigidly bedaubed with
red and black; as for white, it was certainly
there, but could not be detected. The Princess
returned the visit, and found the hostess sur-
rounded by all the ladies of the town, who paid assid-
uously court to her, which she accepted graciously,
as due to her position. This terminated
their acquaintance, and the Princess soon after
set off on her travels once more.

At Caesarea, the Princess accepted the hospi-
tality of a rich Armenian merchant, father of a
numerous family. His eldest daughter, already
a wife and mother, had come to reside with her
parents during the absence of her husband on
business matters. Several relations established
in the province had assembled round the rich
merchant to enjoy the last days of the carnival,
and the consequent pleasures. The three or
four rooms that compose a house in this part
of the world were crammed with women, girls,
and children, dressed as if for a ball, from morn-
ing till night, and from night till morning, for
no one in the East dreams of undressing to go
to bed. This is not so inconvenient for the
rich, who can change their attire during the
course of the day, but the effects are deplorable
for the poor, who keep the same dress on
for a month or more. The amusements could
place on the roofs of the houses, which commu-
nicated with each other by small staircases or
ladders, and thus formed a sort of public walk,
where they were sheltered from any foreign in-
vasion. The Armenian population of Caesarea
remained on the roofs from daybreak till night-
fall in their handsome clothes. The men dis-
play their luxury in the beauty of their furs, but
the ladies have not such limited ideas. They
wear, like all Oriental women, wide trousers,
loose robes opening at the sides to make room
for the puffing of the trousers, several bodices,
put on one over the other, of stuffs and various
colors, a scarf round the waist, a fez, their hair
plaited and hanging, and coins embroidered
over all. The Armenians ladies of Caesarea are
distinguished for the delicacy and harmony of
the colors of their stuffs, the richness and good
taste of the embroidery with which their bod-
ices are covered, and the style of wearing their
hair. They do not roll round their heads those
frightful printed cotton handkerchiefs of which
Switzerland sends thousands annually to Asia.
The top of the fez and the tassel are embro-
dered in gold, and sometimes in pearls. The
hair forms a dozen to fifteen plaits of equal
length, but here the gold coins are not restrict-
ed to the ends of the plaits; they are sewn on a
black ribbon which is placed on the plaits, half-
way between the neck and the waist, forming a
brilliant semicircle, which contrasts singularly
with the dark color of the hair. A profusion
of sequins also covers the front of the fez, fall-
ing on the forehead. Others are attached to
the ears, or form a cuirass to the neck, chest,
and arms. Other ornaments also find a place
among these coils. Bouquets of diamonds are
placed round the neck, or on the front bandeau
of the hair; brooches of precious stones, col-
lars or chains of pearls are stretched across the
bosom under the bosom, or pass beneath the
chin from one ear to the other. The daughters
of the rich are the most magnificently adorned,
for they carry, in the form of jewelry, their en-
tire dowry, which frequently amounts to very
considerable sums. It is true, that after a few
years of marriage, the coins diminish in num-
ber, which leads the Princess to believe that
young ladies in the East do not have their for-
tunes tied down so securely as is the case
among ourselves. And now for the amuse-
ments these bustling jewellers' shops are in-
dulged with:

"There is only one dance through the whole
Ottoman Empire; it is the same for the Turks,
the Arabs, for all the Musulman nations scat-
tered over its territory; it is the same for the
Greeks and Armenians subject to the Sublime
Porte; and this universal dance scarcely de-
serves the name of a dance. Two persons of
the same sex, but always dressed as women,
stand opposite each other, holding castanets, if
they have them, or two wooden spoons to serve
as such; sometimes nothing at all. But the
movement of the fingers and the pantomime of
the castanets are *de rigueur*. The two dancers
bend and extend their arms, move their hips
rapidly, advance the upper part of the body
more gently, and lightly away their feet with-
out raising them from the ground. While con-
tinuing these different contortions, they advance,
fall back, turn on their heels and round their
vis-à-vis, what time the music, usually com-
posed of a tambour, a drum, or a shepherd's
pipe, marks the measure as it grows more
rapid. As for the gracefulness of this dance I
can say nothing, but its indecency at once
strikes the most inexperienced eye."

MISTAKES OF PHYSICIANS.

Oliver W. Holmes, (physician, philosopher
and poet) in a lecture upon physicians, gives
the following account of some mistakes which
have been made in medicine:

"Sooner or later, everybody is tripped up in
forming a diagnosis. I saw Velpeau the one of
the carotid arteries for a supposed aneurism,
which was only a little harmless tumor, and
kill his patient. Mr. Deane, of Dublin, was
more fortunate in a case he boldly declared an
aneurism, while others thought it an aneurism.
He thrust a lancet into it, and proved himself
in the right. Soon after he made a similar diag-
nosis. He thrust in his lancet as before, and
out gushed the patient's blood and his life with
it. The next morning Mr. Deane was found
dead and floating in his own blood. He had
divided the femoral artery."

"I have doomed people, and seen others
doom them, over and over again, on the strength
of physical signs, and they have lived in the
most contumacious and scientifically unjustifi-
able manner as long as they liked, and some of
them are living still. I see two men in the
street very often, who were both as good as
dead in the opinion of all who saw them in
their extremity. People will insist on living,
sometimes, though manifestly moribund. In Dr.
Elder's Life of Kane you will find a case of this
sort, told by Dr. Kane himself. The captain of
a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew muti-
nied, and he gave up dying for the present to
take care of them. An old lady in this city,
near her end, got a little vexed about a pro-
posed change in her will; made up her mind
not to die just then; ordered a coach; was
driven twenty miles to the house of a relative,
and lived for four years longer. Cotton Mather
tells some good stories which he picked up in
his experience, or out of his books, showing the
unstable equilibrium of prognosis. Simon Stone
was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead
the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to
cut his head off. He got well, however, and
was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time.
Jaber Mugrove was shot with a bullet that
went in at his ear and came out at his eye on
the other side. A couple of bullets went
through his body also. Jaber got well, how-
ever, and lived many years. *Per contra*, Col.
Rossier, cracking a plum-stone with his teeth,
broke a tooth, and lost his life. We have seen
physicians dying, like Spigellius, from a scratch;
and a man who had a crowbar shot through his
head is alive and well. These extreme cases
are warnings. But you can never be too cau-
tious in your prognosis, in the view of the great
uncertainty of the course of any disease not
long watched, and the many unexpected turns
it may take."

SLOW AND RAPID COMPOSITION.—Speed in
composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic
history records two names which may repre-
sent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope
de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out
verses more rapidly than a Secretary could
write them; the other building up, in the
watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One
leaving his treasures to be easily compressed
into a single volume—the other to be spread
abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gain-
ing fifteen pounds—the other a hundred thou-
sand ducats. One sitting at the door of his
house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat
of gray cloth, and visited only by a few learned
men from foreign countries—the other followed
by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the
children shouted after him with delight. It is
only since the earth has fallen on both that the
fame and the honor of the Spaniard and the
Englishman have been changed. He who
nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now
lies motionless in his small niche of monumen-
tal biography; and he who, long choosing, be-
gan late, is walking up and down in his singing
robes, and with laurel round his head, in the
cities of many lands; having his home and his
welcome in every devout heart, and upon
every learned tongue of the Christian world.

AN OLD MAN.—Mr. James Nolan, of Knock-
indrane, in the county of Carlow, died on the
24th ult., at the patriarchal age of 115 years
and 9 months. He was born in 1742, and had
therefore lived in the reigns of five sovereigns
of England. His father, whom he well remem-
bered, died more than 100 years ago at the age
of 86, having been born in the reign of Charles
the Second, and having lived through the reigns
of eight monarchs of England. Thus the two
generations extended back nearly as far as the
time of Cromwell. The late Mr. Nolan had all
his faculties preserved to him to his death. His
sight was all but perfect—his hearing only was
defective. Of sober, quiet habits, he cared
little for the things of this world—for whilst his
brothers' families have spread into every county
in Leinster, he has remained on the farm left
to him by his father 100 years ago. In personal
appearance he was most commanding, with good
features, and fully six feet in stature. He was
visited annually by his landlord, the Earl of
Downborough, who delighted to hold converse
with him on the varied incidents of which he
was an eye-witness.—*English Paper.*

CONSTANCY.—If you resolve to make wis-
dom and virtue the study and business of your
life, you must be sure to arm yourself before-
hand against the inconveniences and discouragements
that are likely to attend this resolution. I
imagine that you will meet with many scoffs
and much derision; and that people will up-
braid you with turning philosopher all on the
sudden. But be not affected or supercilious;
only stick close to whatever you are in your
judgment convinced is right and becoming, and
consider this as your proper station, assigned
you by God, which you must not quit on any
terms. And remember, that if you persevere
in goodness, those very men who derided you
at first will afterward turn your admirers. But
if you give way to their reproaches and are
vanquished by them, you will then render your-
self doubly and most deservedly ridiculous.—
Epictetus.

IF you are disquieted at anything,
you should consider with yourself, is the
thing of that worth, that for it I should
so disturb myself and lose my peace and tran-
quillity.

A MIGRATORY ROSE.

Strange as the heading of this paper may ap-
pear to the reader, the flower is nevertheless
an entity—a thing that exists, and may be
cultivated; a plant almost as regular as the swal-
low in its flights to and fro: one that travels
many miles annually; and, what is more, a
fashionable one—resorting to the sea-side dur-
ing the hottest season, to indulge in a swim
among the cool billows of the Mediterranean.
The name of this remarkable vegetable phae-
nomenon is *Anastatica hieracantha* among the
botanists; the *Rose of Jericho* with the un-
learned.

Very many superstitions are connected with
this extraordinary plant in the minds of He-
brews and other Arab tribes. The ancients
attributed miraculous virtues to the Rose of
Jericho. Dispensing with the notions of both,
however, there remains to us quite a sufficient
charm about this apparently insignificant shrub,
which seldom attains six inches in height, to
apologize for introducing the subject to our
readers.

To behold this little rose, it is not necessary
to tell you "to go to Jericho;" no such uncom-
plimentary journey is required. In the arid
wastes of Egypt, by the borders of the Giza
desert, in Arabia's wilderness of sands, on the
roofs of houses and among rubbish in Syria,
abundant specimens are to be met with. But,
like many other things of insignificant exterior,
few pause to look upon or handle this wayward
shrub, which nevertheless carries with it a
lesson and a moral.

By the laws of germination, there are, we
are told, three things necessary for a plant—humidity, heat, and oxygenized air.
The first of them is indispensable, inasmuch
as without it the grain or seed would not
swell, and without swelling, could not burst
its shell or skin; and heat, in union with
water, brings various gases to young plants—
especially oxygen—which are necessary for its
existence.

With these facts before us, and a knowledge
that rain seldom falls in most places where the
Rose of Jericho thrives, how are we to account
for the extraordinary circumstances of this plant
being periodically abundant and flowering at
precisely the same season year after year,
when, by the acknowledged laws of germina-
tion, there has been that succor wanting
which is indispensable to propagate vegetation?
Now appears the most remarkable and most
direct interposition of nature for her offspring—
an interposition little short of miraculous, and,
indeed, apparently so fabulous as to be un-
worthy of record. But the fact has been es-
tablished beyond doubt that, for its own pur-
poses, this little plant performs annual journeys
over a large extent of country, and into the
ocean, whence, at a stated period, it, or rather
its offspring, returns to the original haunts,
takes root, thrives, and blossoms.

In the height of spring, when nature casts
her brilliant vesture, set with flowers and
flowerets of a hundred varied hues, over the
fertile valleys and hills of Syria and part of
Palestine; when every breeze is laden with
rich incense from orange groves or honey-
suckle dells, then unheeded, amidst the rich
profusion of vegetation, or isolated amid the
desert sands, blossoms the tiny Rose of Jericho.
On house-tops, where the sun's fierce rays rend
cervicies—on dust-heaps, where half-starved
wretches crawl and dig for food or a rest-
ing-place—where multitudes throng the streets,
and where neither foot of man nor beast has
ever left imprint on the broiling sand, there
sprouts the wonderful *Anastatica hieracantha*.
When summer has fairly set in, and flowering
shrubs have ceased to blossom—about the same
season of the year that Mr. Bull and his family
are meditating a month's trip to the sea-side
for fresh breezes and sea-bathing, when the
whole house is turned topsy-turvy in the
pleasurable excitement of packing for the
month's holiday—the Rose of Jericho begins
to show symptoms of a migratory disposition
also. How astonished Mr. Brown would be if
his gardener rushed in with the startling intel-
ligence that some favorite rose-bush or other
plant in the garden had evinced sudden signs
of restlessness, and, after a few preliminary
efforts, had quietly taken itself off for the
season!

Hadji Ismail, the Bedouin camel-driver, who
witnesses this phenomenon annually, encoun-
tering scores of migratory *Anastatica hieracantha*,
simply pauses to stroke his profligate beard
and fresh charge his pipe, while he pours into
the eager ears of some untravelled novice
legends about this wonderful rose—legends re-
plete with fairy romance, in which almost in-
variably a certain unmentionable gentleman
comes in for a volley of invectives, as being the
instigator of this mysterious freak of nature.

The first symptom the Rose of Jericho gives
of an approaching tour is the shedding of all
her leaves; the branches then collapse, ap-
parently wither, and roll themselves firmly into
the shape of a ball. Like the fairies that
travelled in nut-shells, this plant encases it-
self in its own framework of a convenient
shape, size, and weight for undertaking the
necessary journey. Not long has the flower as-
sumed this shape when strong land-breezes
sweep over the land, blowing hot and fiercely
towards the ocean. In their onward course,
these land-winds uproot and carry with them
the bulbs or framework of our rose; and, once
uprooted, these are tossed and blown over
many and many a dreary mile of desert sand,
till they are finally whirled up into the air, and
swept over the coast into the ocean.

Soon after the little plant comes into contact
with the water, it awakes again, unfolds itself,
expands its branches, and expels its seeds
from the seed

BERATE

CARRYING A WIFE TO ESCAPE

BRING BATH FOR DINNER.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post, in the following:-

The last group of the week in Paris, comes most conspicuously to the fore, in the case of ships, and may serve as a warning lesson to those who prefer present security to future peace and happiness. A year or two ago M. Malistre, honor, hope, and heir of a renowned editor, printer, stockholder, and night-cap vendor of Rouen, set sail from Havre to proceed to Sydney, in order to superintend the business which his father carried on in that place, and which the death of his father had left without surveillance. One of those accidents which will happen, in spite of oceans or compass, even to the best governed ships on the ocean, happened, as a matter of course, to the rotten little bark in which M. Malistre set sail—and on the inhospitable shore of Wallis Island it wrecked, everything lost but M. Malistre, to whom everything was lost but his life. The pump, the boiler, the engine, the state of the young man, became a great temptation to the dainty inhabitants of Wallis Island, who have disgusted the missionaries by eating each other, and they carried him away to the chief's hut with loud shouts of triumph at the sweet morsel which the waves had thrown upon their shore.

The Catholic missionaries have a small establishment on the island. They work night and day, with unremitting zeal, at the conversion of these savages and have got as far as the prevention of infanticide for its economic purposes, which is a great step, but they have not yet been able to inspire that wholesome distaste of human flesh which should certainly form the first step in every conversion to Christianity. The poor young man, in his dilemma, appealed piteously to the reverend fathers; but they confessed that they possessed no influence; that they were barely tolerated, and dare not openly oppose the policy of the expected could be maintained by showing a wife among native women, and consenting to remain on the island forever. After much persuasion from the missionary, he accepted the latter alternative, and the holy father, according to the custom of his nation, chose a bride for the young man, and took special care to choose a good person—a less one than a daughter of the chief. One thing, however, the father insisted on—the marriage should be solemnized seriously with Catholic rites, and, at all events, the bridegroom should be bound by proper registers, and not be permitted to treat the sacred ceremony with the same lightness as it is elsewhere.

Everything was consented to by the young man, who had grown attached to his by means of a good supper, and, accordingly, on the next day the beautiful Suleta, all freshly tattooed from head to foot—her fair proportions undisfigured by criminal, was led to the altar by the missionaries by M. Malistre. But, of course, our hero from Rouen had treated the whole thing as a little harmless expedient to keep a safe skin and whole bones in this hungry land, and soon began to look out for an opportunity of quitting the scene of his conjugal felicity. Some months elapsed, however, before this opportunity occurred; but, at length, one afternoon, wandering disconsolate on the beach, he described a vessel in the offing. It was an English vessel, whose boat's crew in answer to the signal of distress hoisted by the bridegroom, hastened to the rescue, and bore him off to the ship, without discovery on the part of the natives, who would have killed and eaten them all had they been aware of the treachery intended. M. Malistre landed safe and sound at Havre only two months ago. He found that great changes had taken place in his father's household during his absence. An inheritance had fallen in—fortune had smiled most graciously upon the old man, and the son, after all his wretchedness and misery, returned to find himself the heir of wealth he had never dreamed of. The first thing for a rich man in France to do, is, as we all know, provide himself with a rich wife; the father began to look about him, and having found a suitable match, the parties were straightway brought forth to be married.

But now arose the difficulty—young Malistre could not deny his marriage at Wallis Island by a Catholic priest, according to Catholic rites. The marriage was legal in every point of view, excepting in the one point of the non consent of parents of the bridegroom. So, therefore, notice was served by a lawyer upon the "Demoiselle Suleta," falsely calling herself Madame Malistre, to show cause why she should not be dispossessed of that title. Of course the whole affair was considered a mighty good joke by the gossips, and laughed at accordingly; for, of course, after the delay expired, no serious proceedings would be taken by default, and Malistre might be free to marry whom he pleased. Thus did the affair stand until last week, when, lo! to the utter confusion of the sanguine bridegroom and his rich wife, the Bishop of Australia and Oceania, in whose diocese lies that paradise of which we have given some of the most striking traits of *de mœurs*, and in defiance of morality and religion, protest himself ready to become a party to this marriage, for the protection of the hapless Suleta. We may judge of the consternation thrown among the ranks of jewelers, costumers, and modistes all engaged for the rich marriage—the tears of the rich bride—the ravings of the rich bridegroom. The debates, which are to come on directly, will be full of interest, and of warning at the same time. The case is considered one of the most curious on record, and has been complicated since the issue of the first *mise en demeure*, by the arrival of news of the birth at Wallis Island, of a son to the house of Malistre, who now shares the interest hitherto absorbed by tattooed Suleta.

"POCAHONTAS STOCK"—VALUE OF THE BLOOD IN A CALIFORNIA COURT OF LAW.—A witness named Robinson, says the Visitor, was called before Justice Hill, on 8th May, at Sacramento, whose testimony was objected to on the ground that he had negro blood in his veins. He was sworn as to his birth and nativity and testified that he was born in Virginia, that his "mother was a full blood Pocahontas Indian and his father a Scotchman—God bless them both." J. C. Goods was called to testify, and stated that what is known in Virginia as "Pocahontas stock" possesses a value that one-half Indian blood, and further that he had known the witness in question to have testified in a justice's court in Virginia. As the father of the witness was a white man and his mother "Pocahontas stock," it was decided that he was about one-quarter Indian blood, and was competent to testify. He was the only witness upon whom the prosecution could rely for a conviction, and as a consequence, the settlement of the question was one of considerable importance.

"That's a very emphatic individual," said a gentleman to his companion, as he pointed to an intoxicated fellow leaning against a fence. "How so?" "Why, don't you see how he leans? He is an *Italic*."

"There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—Sir Philip Sidney."

"There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—fine breeding."—Bulwer Lytton.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

JUNE 19.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour heavy; 10-000 bids sold. State is lower; middling 35.00 has sold; Western red, 1.05; 1.07; 1.09; 1.10; 1.11; 1.12; 1.13; 1.14; 1.15; 1.16; 1.17; 1.18; 1.19; 1.20; 1.21; 1.22; 1.23; 1.24; 1.25; 1.26; 1.27; 1.28; 1.29; 1.30; 1.31; 1.32; 1.33; 1.34; 1.35; 1.36; 1.37; 1.38; 1.39; 1.40; 1.41; 1.42; 1.43; 1.44; 1.45; 1.46; 1.47; 1.48; 1.49; 1.50; 1.51; 1.52; 1.53; 1.54; 1.55; 1.56; 1.57; 1.58; 1.59; 1.60; 1.61; 1.62; 1.63; 1.64; 1.65; 1.66; 1.67; 1.68; 1.69; 1.70; 1.71; 1.72; 1.73; 1.74; 1.75; 1.76; 1.77; 1.78; 1.79; 1.80; 1.81; 1.82; 1.83; 1.84; 1.85; 1.86; 1.87; 1.88; 1.89; 1.90; 1.91; 1.92; 1.93; 1.94; 1.95; 1.96; 1.97; 1.98; 1.99; 2.00; 2.01; 2.02; 2.03; 2.04; 2.05; 2.06; 2.07; 2.08; 2.09; 2.10; 2.11; 2.12; 2.13; 2.14; 2.15; 2.16; 2.17; 2.18; 2.19; 2.20; 2.21; 2.22; 2.23; 2.24; 2.25; 2.26; 2.27; 2.28; 2.29; 2.30; 2.31; 2.32; 2.33; 2.34; 2.35; 2.36; 2.37; 2.38; 2.39; 2.40; 2.41; 2.42; 2.43; 2.44; 2.45; 2.46; 2.47; 2.48; 2.49; 2.50; 2.51; 2.52; 2.53; 2.54; 2.55; 2.56; 2.57; 2.58; 2.59; 2.60; 2.61; 2.62; 2.63; 2.64; 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Wit and Humor.

THE POSTMISTRESS MEASURING HER SHARE OF LETTERS.

At the following appears in the Washington Star, we suppose it is derived from official sources:

There is a new law in the Northwest called Barton (sometimes W. Barton). At this point a post office has been established: the route extends some distance beyond, and there are several offices further on. When after the establishment of the office at Barton, the postmaster began to be troubled by strange irregularities in the mail, he took a seat in the grocery, where a plump and good-natured woman, well in years, and possessed of a "rich brogue," attended behind the counter, dealing out small quantities of beer, cheese, cakes, peanuts, etc., to a company of loungers, who seemed to wait for some errand.

Hall bought a quantity of peaches, and treated the crowd to beer, by which course he succeeded in removing all suspicions which his doctored girth had created against him. Soon the stage drove up and the mailbag was thrown out; the lady picked it up, and retreated to the back room, followed by the crowd—including Hall, who blocked up the door.

After opening the bag, and turning its contents on the floor, the postmistress produced a box, and deliberately proceeded to measure out a peck of miscellaneous matter from the pile on the floor. Having done this, she commenced returning the rest when Hall found his tongue.

"Why, what are you doing there?" he contrived to stammer out.

"Indeed," said the postmistress, looking up, "it's changing the mail that I am."

"But how do you know that you get the right matter?" Why don't you look it over and select your own?"

"Faith an' it's a fool's job you'd be after having me do," replied her ladyship. "I can't read niver a blessed bit of this, and when my son Jim (he's had school learnin') isn't here, I jest measure out an' cheer."

A RICH SCENE.

A few days since I chanced to stumble into an auction sale of damaged dry goods where the bids were spirited, and the large crowds of males and females were vying with each other in their efforts, when a pair of blankets were put up, and a dozen bids were raised for them. The puzzled auctioneer, however, caught by the highest, which was, I think, a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, when, ere he could say "going," a male voice cried out "dollar fifty," from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars," echoed the woman, elbowing her way through the dense mass of females who were separated from the males by a long counter upon which the gilt-tongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side, he commenced anew his stereotyped vocabulary of choice and amusing figures of speech till he touched the finale.

"Two fifty," nodded the man.

"Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty."

"Three!" screamed the woman.

"Four," replied the man.

"Go the fifty!" said the auctioneer, turning to the woman with a half-suppressed smile on his small, rosy visage.

A nod from the woman.

"Four fifty I'm offered; go me five! Come, don't be afraid, they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all."

"Sold!" cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, "to Captain Smith, for five dollars."

"Smith!" exclaimed the woman, "what my husband!" raising herself on tip-toe to catch a glance.

"Why, you good-for-nothing man, you're been bidding against your own wife! Oh, you impudence! but I won't have them in the house!"

A LONG PACE.—On the 1st of June, in the year 1840, a gentleman, very taciturn in his habits, rode on Battersea Bridge, London. His groom rode after him at a respectful calling distance. Suddenly an idea occurred to the gentleman; he pulled up his horse, and turning his head nearly round, said, interrogatively—

"John!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you like eggs?"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman then turned again and rode on.

On the 1st of June, 1841, John and his master happened again to ride over Battersea Bridge. At the third lamp-post the gentleman pulled up short, and John pulled up simultaneously. The gentleman turned his head and said, still in a tone of interrogation—

"How?"

"Poaized!" came John's answer, quick and clear.

This is considered the longest pause in a conversation on record.

Everywhere—Wilson and Pinney are leading members of the Washington County bar. Sitting opposite one another at the dinner table—they are always opposite at the bar in the Court-house, and agreed as to the bar in the hotel—Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before at a great political meeting in the village where Pinney resides.

"Indeed," said he, "I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm."

"Filled with what?" cried Pinney.

"With enthusiasm," repeated Wilson.

"Oh, ah!" said Pinney, "I understand; but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it rum!"

Honorable Mention.—The names of the Telegraph are very interesting. A year or so since, the agent of the Delaware and Hudson Freight Line at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, sent the following dispatch to the agent at New York:

D. HONEST.—Please send me a shipping box, eighteen feet by nine."

The dispatch, as received, read as follows:

D. HONEST.—Please send me a shipping box, eighteen feet by nine."

This other might have been more disastrous in its results; the same parties were concerned. Mr. Honesdale wrote the proprietor of the line here that he had been requested on a trial to be held in the Supreme Court of New York, and that an expedition was about to open. It would be necessary to send a man to perform his office duties. The following reply was entrusted to the tender care of the Telegraph wires:

"See the Judge at once, and get excused: I cannot send a man to fill your place."

The dispatch, as received, read as follows:

"See the Judge at once, and get excused: I cannot send a man to fill your place."

Mr. H. claims on the margin of the dispatch—a stay of execution.

Agricultural.

PEARS FOR MARKET.

Our respected friend, L. F. Allen, of Buffalo, has written an article in the last number of the Horticulturist, to show that pears for orcharding, and especially dwarf pears, have proved a failure. On looking over his five pages on this subject, the following are the prominent points of his evidence and argument. He planted largely and well of both standards and dwarfs, both in the latter. They grew well for two or three years, and then many of them began to die, and these which continued rapidly to take place, the dead ones were replaced, until in five years the renewal was about equal to the original number. Afterwards, during a winter when mice were very abundant, these depredators destroyed nearly all that were left. This ended the experiment. Apple and quince trees immediately adjoining, succeeded well with much less care, and bore fruit in abundance. Twenty or thirty of his friends and neighbors commenced pear cultivation about the same time—with diverse soils, exposures, and cultivation, and all these admit their failure except one, who is "constitutionally obstinate" in never confessing an error.

This want of success appears to have been the chief reason for condemning the pear, to which are added the statement that very few good winter pears ever appear at pomological exhibitions—that such are "cold and watery"—that three dollars per bushel does not pay for growing, taking the seasons as they run.

On looking a little further at the article of our friend Allen, we think we can perceive a cause of his failure, independently of what may be supposed, that the soil was unsuitable, or too wet, or that fire-blight, which no skill can wholly avert, may have prevailed unusually just at that time. He states that for two or three years after setting, root crops were cultivated among his trees, with plenty of good stable manure, and that during this time many of them grew well. But three years after planting, at the very period when failure commenced, the land was laid into grass, but dug every year thoroughly for four or five feet in diameter around each tree, and manure was well forked in.

Now, whatever others might look for, we should expect failure with dwarf trees thus cultivated. Root crops do well for all other trees, yet not so well as simple cultivation without any crop, as we have long since and repeatedly stated. But a crop of roots growing at the foot of a dwarf pear, operates precisely as a crop of weeds for trees recognizing no difference between a potato, turnip, or a pig-weed. The hoeing given to the roots is an important help to the tree, but this hoeing is less frequent and more expensive than may be performed on a clean, bare surface. The dwarf, however, mostly grew well, till the land was laid to grass. Then commenced rapid failure, notwithstanding the spaded circles. Now, we respectfully submit that a spading once a year is too infrequent; but if it had been done once a week, it would still have been insufficient to promote proper growth. For a circle four or five feet in diameter is a radius of two to two and a half feet, from the grass to the tree. Now, as has been ascertained that the roots of grs. often extend much beyond this distance; and there is no doubt that this spaded surface was soon underlain with a dense network of grass-roots, abstracting nourishment and moisture from the tree. Every observant person must have seen the darker green and stouter growth of the grass at the outer rim of such spaded and manured circles, owed to the higher feed thus given to it, and which its roots are encouraged to thrust themselves over the whole surface, thus prepared for them, and robbing the tree. But this is not all. The roots of grs. extend much further than most cultivators imagine. We have on former occasions demonstrated that peach roots run deep: a circle whose diameter is double the height, and that a tree ten feet high should have, at a radius circle three feet in diameter or less, a radius given it, but one more than twenty feet in diameter, or a surface forty times as great as the three feet space. Apple and pear roots extend about as far, the quince roots of dwarf pears only about half as far, and a dwarf pear six feet high does not require roots extending to a circle more than six feet in diameter, with an additional ring two feet wide compensating for the inner extension of grass-roots, making the whole space ten feet in radius. The four-foot dug circles were therefore a sixth part of the mallow surface should have been, even if they had been steadily parted through the season.

We had once hoped that the above necessity of high cultivation for the dwarf pear was destined to work a revolution in fruit culture, by teaching planters to give all these better management. This hope has been

realized; for, instead of effecting an improvement in cultivation, it has only induced negligent cultivators to pronounce dwarf pears humbugs.

It is generally recommended to confine the dwarf to gardens, where the soil has been made rich, and where in spading and hoeing vegetables, they get a share of the benefit. As orchards are all cultivated, it would be perfectly folly to attempt the raising of dwarfs by orchard management. As they should be treated, and as they may easily be, this mode is superior to every other, garden culture not excepted. For, as we have just shown, vegetables growing near them interfere in the way that weeds do, but less in degree on account of the hoeing they get. Besides this, the surface in gardens is mellowed by hand less frequently and at more cost, than by horses, on a large scale. An acquaintance has several acres occupied with dwarfs, among which he allows no crop whatever to grow. The trees are eight feet apart each way, (twelve would be better) and he keeps the whole surface as mellow as an ash heap, with less labor than is required for a field of corn, by means of a two-horse cultivator. He sold his fruit crop last year, during the severest season of the money pressure, for about twelve hundred dollars, cash in hand, and a large portion of his pears (Angouleme) sold at six cents each by the barrel.

To the question, which may arise, "Under what circumstances can we rely fully on the success of dwarf pears?" we would answer, let When a trial has been made on a small scale, and the soil and climate have proved favorable. Surely, when those varieties are selected which have proved uniformly successful, wherever they have been tried, and where they have succeeded 3rdly. When they can be planted on a sufficiently large scale to admit of horse cultivation, for hand culture is too costly, and consequently will not be repeated as often as the trees require—unnerving in all cases to be dubious. 4thly, and not least, where the experiment is conducted by a person of many years' experience in the best management of such trees, and not by merely hearing a fine speech in favor of fruit-growing, or whose knowledge is not derived from a few days' reading fruit books and pomological reports.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

ADOLPHUS.—"Come, my good fellow, bring me my umbrella—I must be off."

FIED IN HUMAN SHAPE.—"Somebody must 'a' teen and took yours, sir, and left this ere one by mistake."

[Adolphus swoons.]

SPREADING MANURE ON THE SURFACE.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST:—In reading your paper of June 12th, I noticed an experiment, about applying manure to the surface of the ground. The writer said he tried four experiments with manure, and that which laid on the top of the ground three or four weeks gained the best results. No doubt of it; nobody could expect anything else, it being just where the eye could feed upon it; consequently, it is no more than reasonable to believe that the eye would be best in so applying the manure on the surface, and harrowing or hoeing it in.

The question is not settled yet. If a farmer has fifteen or twenty two-horse loads of manure to a field, and spreads it upon the land after it has been ploughed and harrowed; and sows wheat or clover upon the field, and gives it two good harrows in; by so doing, he gets about one-half or two-thirds of the manure under the ground, to the depth of one or one and a half inches, and that crop of wheat or rye will of course be good, if the season is good.

If your land is heavy, I believe the best way is to spread manure on the top for winter wheat; but if your land is light, I believe the best way is to spread it on the top and plough it in. I know a great many farmers think that ploughing in manure for wheat, and leaving it down there, is a dead loss, but all I ask of you, farmers, who say or think so, is to try a piece both ways—but don't try it on heavy lands.

By ploughing in manure, your crop of winter grain will not be, in some cases, as good as though it were harrowed in; but wait till next season for the timothy or clover crop, then your land will be all right for that. But, say you, how about its going down in the ground to the depth of ten or twelve inches? Don't make yourself alarmed about that: the clover roots will go down ten, twelve, or sixteen inches, and you will raise lots of clover in dry seasons, when some of your skin surface manurers will have to strike three times before they hit what they are striking after.

But the best and surest way of raising a good piece of winter wheat, is to draw out from twelve to eighteen good two horse loads of manure, and plough under and give a good harrowing or two, and set it till about the 10th of September, then plough the same way you did the first time, only a little deeper. If your land lies far to the sun, and you don't raise wheat, it won't be your fault.

A JERSEY FARMER.

RINGING THE BARK OF FRUIT TREES.—A remarkable instance of the advantage of ringing occurred here four or five years since. An attempt was made by a man who had been dismissed for drunkenness to destroy some trees by cutting round the trunk and peeling off the bark, but in each case without success. A fine pear tree was operated on thus. All the bark was cut off to the width of nine inches round the trunk, and every one thought the tree must die. The bark was most effectually removed, with the exception of a few very thin layers of the inner bark appearing like lines on the wood. I ordered the wound to be bound round with a plaster of oiled dung. In a short time granulations were thrown out and the bark formed again, and, much to the astonishment of all, ripened a large crop of small yellow pears the following season. It had never been known to bear fruit before, although each year it was covered with bloom. Since the first year the crop has been small, and merely on the highest branches; probably annual ringing would induce annual fertility. —London Gardener's Chronicle.

TO PREVENT SOWS FROM KILLING THEIR YOUNG, a new remedy has sprung up, which is said to be entirely effectual. It is neither more nor less than to give the sow in her moss, about half a pint of rum or gin, which produces intoxication, and while in this condition the young pigs find their lactated supply of food. When the late unnatural mother comes to rights again, and finds her progeny busy helping themselves, she looks upon them with a mother's affection and the utmost kindness of disposition follows. The surest remedy to be at hand is said of it, and it may be regarded as about the best use to which rum can be put. —Germanous Telegraph.

USE OF COAL TAR.—What will coal tar in a liquid state do towards keeping vines free from insects? It will preserve wood from injury by worms and bugs. If it is used, it should be quite weak, say a pint of tar to a gallon of water; if applied to the trunk of peach and apple trees, it will keep off borers, by wetting a brown paper and putting it around the trunk just below and above the ground, or wet straw in it, and secure it to the tree with twine, it will be equally good. —New England Farmer.

SHADE AND FRUIT TREES.

In an enclosure in front of our house stand some locust trees and an English elm. One of the former, a growth of six or seven years, was performed to a great degree by a species of worm that preys upon the tree, so much so that several of the branches were completely cut off by them from time to time, and the trunk was like a honey comb from the numerous holes bored through it. The English Elm, like all trees of this kind with which we have any knowledge, has been divested of all its foliage twice each summer (except the last) by an insect that fastens on the under side of the leaves, and there feasts until the whole tree becomes entirely leafless. Early last spring we bored a half inch hole nearly through the trunk of each of these trees about three feet from the ground and slanting downward, and filled the holes with corrosive sublimate.

In the course of a week thereafter, the weather being warm, the worms were observed to be leaving the locust tree, and before the summer was over the tree was healthy and vigorous, and no indication of these pests could be discovered in it. The elm retained its full foliage throughout the season, although on a close examination we could find a few of the insects on the leaves, but not enough to do any injury.

The English elm and the Linden are both beautiful trees and of very rapid growth, but have been objectionable in this country from the almost universal liability to be denuded of foliage at least once in the summer.

If, as we believe, corrosive sublimate can be made an effectual preventive to these insect depredations, the knowledge of this fact will be of great benefit to the community.

We think it probable, also, that peach and other fruit trees might be preserved and improved by the same means, but whether the fruit in being eliminated from the sap would carry any deleterious matter into it we are unable to say, but as the vegetable albumen is an antidote for the poison of corrosive sublimate, it is quite probable it would not be injurious to health, especially as so minute a quantity would be deposited. —Maryland Corres. of the National Intelligencer.

TECHNICAL WORDS.—In reading, we frequently come across words with which we are unacquainted, and which are necessary to give us a full idea of the subject. To obviate this difficulty, we give a definition of some of the more common words:

A strain of butter	50 lbs.
A sack of coals	224 "
A train of straw	35 "
A stove of hemp	32 "
A sack of flour	280 "
A quintal	100 "
A pigot of steel	120 "
A train of hay	50 "
A bush	50 bushels.
A kiln	18 gallons.
A barrel	36 "
A hoghead	64 "
A pantheon	84 "

English prices-current often speak of the price of wheat per quarter—to reduce this to arrears, multiply the price by 7, and divide by 12, and it will give the price, (same ratio,) by the bush. Thus:—If wheat is quoted at 5 shillings a quarter, multiply 56 by 7, and divide by 12, and it gives the price, 32 shillings 8 pence per barrel. —Ohio Farmer.

STEAM CULTURE.—The steam-plough would appear to be nearer a realization than any might suppose. The Salisbury fallows are already forgotten, or satisfactorily explained. Mr. Smith, of Woolston, has now it is said, upwards of thirty of his implements in use. Mr. Fowler still continues to work by contact; while Mr. Romaine is in better heart than ever as to the success of his scheme. The great test of such a process is becoming practically susceptible of an application. There is no economy in every possible way—a saving of money, labor, and time. The work, too, is to be better done and the results proportionately greater. Mr. Smith, Mr. Meech, or Mr. Fowler will either of them testify to a quart more per acre, where steam-power has superseded that of horses. The improvements of life have been, in fact, so striking, that we are loath to look upon the experiment as accomplished. Mr. Smith has sold his cart horses, and talks not only of what he himself, but that his "brother farmers," are doing. Mr. Fowler is yet more decisive in his dicta:—"as far as steam-ploughing was concerned, he considered his task done." —Mark Lane Express, (London.)

THE ALDER BUSH.—VALUABLE ENT.—It is not known to many persons that the common alder bush of the country is a great safeguard to plants against the devastation of fungi. If tried, it will be found that worms, bugs, or insects never touch the alder. The fact was the initial point for experiments of an Englishman in 1794, and he communicated the result to a London magazine. Accident exhorted this old work. The practical results of the experiments, as asserted by the English experimenter, are that the leaves of the alder scattered over cabbage, squashes, cucumbers, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shield them. The plum and other fruits subject to the ravages of insects, may be saved by placing on the branches and through the tree bunches of alder leaves. —Progressive Age.

ENGLISH BUTTER.—From an examination of upwards of forty samples of English butter, Hassall found the proportion of water in them to vary from 10 to 20, and even 30 per cent, and the proportion of salt from one to six or seven per cent. A simple method of ascertaining the quantity of water in butter is, to melt it and put it in a small bottle near the fire for an hour. The water and salt will separate and sink to the bottom.

POWER OF HABIT.—I know from experience, that habit can, in direct opposition to every conviction of the mind, and but little aided by the elements of temptation, induce a repetition of the most avowed actions. The mind is weak where it is once given way. It is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved. It is as in the case of the sound of a reservoir; if this mound has in one place been broken, what other care has been taken to make the repaired part as strong as possible, the probability is, that if it give way again, it will be in that place. —Foster.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 2, 6, 6, 3, is a small animal.

My 6, 5, 4, 7, is a city in Italy.

My 4, 9, 18, 11, is part of a ship.

My 1, 8, 9, 4, 12, 16, is a river in England.

My 14, 5, 19, 15, is a covering for the foot.

My 9, 2, is an interjection.

My 5, 9, 11, 20, is a kind of grain.

My 16, 23, 5, 21, 9, 6, 24, is an animal.

My 22, 8, 1, is a part of the head.

My 6, 17, 24, is a color.

My 9, 16, 1, is a kind of drink.

My 2, 5, 4, 20, 12, is a very useful animal.

My 14, 9, 11, is a covering for the head.

My whole is a proverb of much truth.

Centerville, Pa. A. E. W.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 2, 7, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 4, 8, 9, 14, is a river in France.

My 5, 16, 10, is an article of apparel used by men.

My 11, 4, 13, 10, is a county in Maryland.

My 12, 3, 9, is a lady's name.

My whole was the name of a distinguished explorer.

W. H. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a word which means a friend, in the thief's vocabulary;

My second is an article, You will not say the contrary.

My third was an actor of renown, in the play-days of yore;

My whole is a kind of vehicle, Propelled by human power.

GAHMW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first does in my second grow, This you will find is true, In summer's heat or winter's snow, It has been seen by you.

My second off my first contains, Now this you need not doubt; 'Tis seen upon both hills and plains, This you can soon find out.

If you travel o'er the land, My whole you'll surely see; When harvest days are near at hand, The farmer in it will be.

Poques, Pa. ALPHA.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four letters in my name you'll find, I am a beacon to mankind. Cut off my head—transpose the rest, A noted poet stands confessed. Cut off my tail and then I'll show A plant that heretofore did grow. And now out of my tail and head, Read backwards—and you'll see instead, A river found in Italy— Now tell me what my name may be.

GAHMW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, and transpose, and I am a numeral.

Omit my 2, 3, 6, and transpose, and I am a domestic fowl.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, and transpose, and I am used by fishermen.

Omit my 1, 4, 5, and transpose, and I signify to rot.

Omit my 3, 4, 6, and I am an agricultural instrument.

Omit my 1, 3, 4, and transpose, and I am a part of the foot.

Omit my 5, 4, 5, and I am not cold.

Omit my 1, 3, 5, and I am a numeral.

Omit my 1, 3, 5, and transpose and I am a heavy weight.

My whole was the name of a United States sloop of war.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O-u-se-out! Hester Mass.

Zeb dream. Les-swan.

A-to-m-to. Bust-hat.

U-r-r-no. Rock.

Mad-master. A-ut-sky.

Sels-wick. Nich.

Fries-mud. O Amy!

CINROS.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man wishing to dig a cellar 30 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, on level ground, found that he must not go that depth below the level, on account of wet; he therefore embarked the earth that he dug out from the cellar around the same in a slanting embankment whose base was 8 feet from the walls of the cellar on all 4 sides, but tapered in above to the perpendicular wall of the cellar; and thereby made his cellar, above and below the level, to be 10 feet deep. Now, provided he packed the thrown-out ground as tight as it had been before digging, how much of said cellar was above, and how much of it was below the level of the plane? Who can tell me?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Croftersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. When is a nutmeg like a prison window? A. When it is "grated."

Q. Why is a mosquito like a money "shaver"? A. Because he never stops bleeding his victims until some of them smother him.

Q. Why is the letter B like a sewing machine? A. Because it makes needles needless.

Q. What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain? A. Ball.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Henry restored. CHARADE.—Poland. RIDDLE.—Cromwell. ANAGRAMS.—Cent, Forest, Somerset, Warren, Monro, Wyoming, Fulton, Delaware, Toga, Montom, ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—A got 9 shares or \$1900; B got 10 shares or \$2300; C got 13 shares or \$3540; D got 15 shares or \$3530; E got 19 shares or \$4150—value of whole estate \$14500.